

NOSTRE MANES
SUNT INFANTES.

IT'S ALL HERE &
IT'S ALL TRUE.



TOO BIG TO READ
ON THE SUBWAY.

BEHOLDEN TO
NO ONE.

VOLUME ONE, ISSUE NO SEVEN

APRIL 2003

SPECIAL EXTRA EDITION: FREE EVERYWHERE!

WAR KILLS PEOPLE.

SONS, DAUGHTERS, MOTHERS, FATHERS, BROTHERS, SISTERS, COUSINS, NEPHEWS, NIECES, AUNTS, UNCLES, NEIGHBORS, SOLDIERS, CIVILIANS, BABIES, ETC.

PROTESTING THE FIRST DAY OF WAR

Demonstrators Brave Rain to Swarm Market Street

A MOMENT IN HISTORY?
OR A SPEED BUMP ALONG THE EVENING COMMUTE?

BY SONJA TRAUS

PHILADELPHIA, March 20 — Despite the encroaching darkness and rain, the crowd of one hundred protesters had gathered outside the federal building at Sixth and Market streets began to march toward City Hall. This was just before 5 p.m. on March 20, the first day of the war, and this march would be the first prolonged encounter between protesters and the Philadelphia public since U.S. troops invaded Iraq. Until this day, the war had been only a threat or a promise in the public eye. Now it was something real.

Helene Walsh watched, waiting for her bus, somewhere between annoyed and amused by the protest. "Don't take it out on us! We just wanna go home!" Another commuter, who declined to give her name, expressed similar sentiments. "What are they gonna do here if the war is over there? That's what I don't get."

Around 10th Street, I saw a young Hispanic woman scolding her daughter for belittling the protesters. "They're marching for something they believe in," she said. "If there was something you wanted, you'd walk for it, wouldn't you? You'd work for what you wanted!" Despite the rain, the woman slowed her pace when the march slowed, and stopped when the marchers stopped, keeping pace with them on the sidewalk.

Hanif showed us a catalogue in three languages about a Spanish island. He took jars from the top shelf. One at a time, he licked his fingers, dipped them into brown powders, and, on the catalog, showed the vibrant blues and greens he could make. One knuckle was scarred and misshapen. It was from a fish bite, he said. It took a long long time to heal.

I watched Henry blowing his nose and said No, I have something for you. He filled a pouch with black powder to snort. Henry tried it, hesitantly, and smiled. That really clears your sinuses, he said.

On Zealots & Zealotry

BY HENRY WILLIAM BROWNEJOHNS

In the whole great catalogue of human faults, I propose the least forgivable and most appalling of them is that unmeasured devotion to doctrine, jazzily encompassed by the dictionary as Zealotry. Here is a trait so demeaning to human dignity that it goes for generations unexamined, lest the zealots in our midst take offense and act out the worst of their abilities. But unless the occasional courageous author takes up the issue, these sorts will continue to prance through history, befriend us, demean us, take our votes, and lead our civilization into the dregs. For the zealot often appears attractive to the moderate — playing upon an innate, if foolish, admiration for the traits of Passion, Determination, Lucidity, and Certainty, though taken one by one, it should be clear that each of these characteristics is detrimental to the practical functioning of a complex human being in a complex society.

turn to ZEALOTRY, page 10

Letter from an American

BY ANNIE COBB

Henry was sick in bed so I left the hotel by myself. I met a man who worked at the pigment and spice shop across the street. Hanif made tea with a blend of good-luck herbs: oregano, rose petals, and unidentifiable aphrodisiacs. His well-worn pants were far too short.

Cindy Crawford was doing a shoot down by the beach on the way to the castle made of sand (where the waiter had broken a mop handle over a beggar's head the day before and gone back to serving tea). Hanif had her autograph on the scrap of paper he kept in his breast pocket.

We listened to Al Green. He told me that's how he learned English. He listened to American music, transcribed it phonetically into Arabic, and asked multilingual friends what the meaning was.

He said lives are like candles, and if you don't take care of yourself you can't stand up to the wind, which will always defeat you if you don't have strength from within. He said some babies come out crying about being given life and *c'est la vie*.

The next time I saw the aphrodisiac-tea man, Henry's flu had subsided, and he was with me, exploring. Hanif invited us to a different shop. He spoke to someone on the street, and a pot of tea was promptly delivered. He gave us two chameleons to play with. When the tea had steeped, we drank without conversation.

Hanif showed us a catalogue in three languages about a Spanish island. He took jars from the top shelf. One at a time, he licked his fingers, dipped them into brown powders, and, on the catalog, showed the vibrant blues and greens he could make. One knuckle was scarred and misshapen. It was from a fish bite, he said. It took a long long time to heal.

I watched Henry blowing his nose and said No, I have something for you. He filled a pouch with black powder to snort. Henry tried it, hesitantly, and smiled. That really clears your sinuses, he said.

You are British? Hanif asked.

No, I said. We're American.

He smiled, putting his hand on his breast pocket. The strongest culture in the world!

Annie Cobb reads novels for school, paints her living room yearly, and serves Martinis in her spare time.

fiction

"PROOF OF LIFE," AN EXCERPT

BY JON RAYMOND

Their father did not look so good, though. He had been hit badly. He had blood stains on his shirt and a huge, meaty wound on his arm. They rested him on the ground and tore off his shirt. Beneath it was a constellation of bullet holes. He was fading fast.

George's father was trying to tell them something. His mouth was moving like a fish, and his voice was all raspy and dry.

George leaned down so his ear was just beside his father's mouth. He could feel his breath on his cheek.

"What is it dad, what is it?" George whispered huskily. The jungle had become suddenly quiet. He was fighting back the tears.

George's father moistened his lips, summoning all of his ebbing strength to speak:

"The fags," he whispered. "The fags have the best intelligence, son. The fags know everything." And with that he expired.

George cradled his father's body until daybreak, at which point the helicopters arrived. He strapped the body onto a stretcher and loaded it in.

As the helicopter lifted off, he saluted stiffly. All the leaves of the jungle flapped violently in the churning air. His eyes burned like hell from the dust.

Jon Raymond is a writer and editor based in Brooklyn, New York.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Poem

Old soldiers
never die
young ones do it
for them

— TOM HENDRICKS

Tom Hendricks edits Musea in Dallas, Texas. You can find Musea online at <http://musea.digitalchain-saw.com>.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A WORLD SAFE FOR STARBUCKS

A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the 3rd World Water Forum

WWF4: IN THE PALACE OF THE IRON SHEIK?

For Coffee is Thicker Than Blood

BY MARK WALLACE

KYOTO, Japan — I'm on the Karasuma line of the Kyoto subway as Bush's Iraq deadline passes, and I couldn't feel further from the war. On either side of me, Japanese commuters are catching a last few minutes of sleep before they hit the office, and standing nearby is a beautiful young woman in kimono. This is the town for geisha, after all — though after checking around I realize she's probably just a college student, dressed up for a night on the town to celebrate graduation. I'm a world away from home, from New York, Philadelphia, Baghdad, London. Bombs are falling, but in another time zone, far away.

Bombs almost fell here, in another era. Kyoto was on Harry Truman's original A-bomb list in 1945, but was spared because of the city's cultural history, which stretches back thousands of years. This is Japan's garden city, the most beautiful spot in the country, filled with temples and cherry blossoms and the intricate history of samurai, shoguns and emperors. Once the country's capital, it has also given rise to some of Japan's greatest literature, and was the location for Akira Kurosawa's oft-quoted film *Rashomon*. As the mellow recorded voice of the Japanese subway woman smoothly announces my stop, it is hard to picture the sandstorms sweeping Kuwait, let alone the firestorms that are about to sweep its neighbor to the northwest.

I'm on my way to cover an international gun-flap known as the 3rd World Water Forum, which has attracted thousands of people from all over the globe. They represent multilateral agencies, non-governmental organizations and corporations big and small, and they have come to discuss the world's very real "water crisis": 6,000 people die from water-related diseases every day; 1.1 billion people have insufficient access to safe drinking water; 2.4 billion have no sanitation facilities. You want mass destruction? Here it is.

Sadly, WWF3 is proving a bit of a bust. There are precious few concrete proposals for how to mobilize the funds it would take to give a billion people clean water, and those who control the cash — executives at big water companies like France's Vivendi Environnement and Suez Ondeo, the UK's Anglian Water, and Germany's RWE (owner of Thames Water) — are met by protesters decrying the involvement of the private sector in such public works.

In fact, the four other gaijin on the subway car with me — other

CAN WE TRUST CANADA?

What Should a Patriot Make of their Socialized Medicine & Peace-Loving Ways?

NEITHER FOR NOR AGAINST OUR WAR.

If Only This Were Hockey

BY DOUG MACKAY

TORONTO, March 24, — We're at the Banknote on King Street, beers arrayed before us, and lunch has just arrived. It's Friday, so the place is crowded. The TV monitors on all sides are taking a break from sports to offer up CNN. As the bombing suddenly starts — "Shock and Awe Begins," the caption notes helpfully — I listen for the hush that never comes. A few diners look up, and then get back to matters at hand. At our table, the talk turns to the better scenes in *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket*.

It's not easy to get Canadians as a group worked up about anything. The Canada-USSR hockey series did the job in 1972. Then in 1995, Rogers Communications Inc. tried to force its cable-TV customers to take added stations, and higher costs, by default. The term "negative-option billing" entered the language. Couch occupants from sea to shining sea rose as one to smite their oppressor, a cable company. Nothing much has happened since.

By most indications, Canadians endorse Prime Minister Jean Chretien's decision not to line up with President George Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair. In a poll released as the bombardment got under way March 21, Ipsos Reid reported that 66 percent of Canadians surveyed approved of the way Chretien handled the Iraq crisis. Canada did its best at the United Nations to broker a compromise that would continue weapons inspections and prevent bombing, but it failed and that was that. The real trouble, however, is yet to come.

Chretien seemed intuitively to have grasped Canadian voters' kindly opposition to the war in Iraq. They just couldn't work up much steam over it either way. There were a few war protests, before and after the initial bombing, but they drew mainly the usual suspects, and the numbers were modest. In Montreal, more than 200,000 people showed up, far outclassing other cities. As a friend and former Montrealer pointed out, however, "Protest is a Quebec thing."

Over the past few months, under pressure from the U.S. to get in line, Chretien would lean one way, then the other, then back again. Finally last week, he opted out after the U.S. decided to go ahead without U.N. approval. We like you folks, he seemed to say to the U.S., and God knows we need your business, but you're making a big mistake. When the bombing began, he went back to being neighborly, saying the U.S. had a

A Note to the Reader:

There was a time when our government actually invited us civilians to participate in the wars it waged in our names. We bought bonds, salvaged scraps, and worked long hours for low wages, because we believed in the war machine. Now we are merely asked to recline in front of the television, and continue performing our patriotic duty to keep our mouths shut and continue shopping.

Mr. Bush has dragged us into a shameful and unprovoked war with Iraq, a war unprecedented in our nation's history for its outright aggression and utter lack of a just cause. He has done so against the better judgment of the rest of the world and without the consent of the American people. His actions do not befit a president so much as a monarch, and we hope that Philadelphia has not forgotten its distinguished history of dealing with monarchs.

Mr. Bush does not want us involved with his war because he knows which side we are going to take. Instead of asking for our help, his Administration has opened a second front, targeting our very way of life: Our rights to due process, to free speech, to free assembly, and to live in a country where religion and politics are kept separate. Born in Philadelphia, these liberties have been the bedrock of our national life for more than 200 years. Generations of American soldiers have died on the field of battle so that we might not squander this inheritance of freedom. Their bodies lie scattered across the globe, from the old soldier's field at Sixth and Walnut to the coast of Normandy. It is these bones that our leaders insult when they command us to refrain from dissent and "support the troops."

The war with Iraq will probably turn out to be second in a long series of wars to expand America's dominion over the world. Iraq will serve as an eastern base from which the Administration can coordinate further campaigns of must not come to pass.

SUPPORT OUR TROOPS!

opinion

BY CLARK ROTH

"Whenever they say war, I think whore." "I like to think of the bombs as Freedom Pellets."

"We're going to whore with Iraq, for instance."

"The tanks are Stallions of Peace."

"This is an act of whore."

"Anyway I hope the Iraqis are grateful for all the tax money and prime-time TV we've had to sacrifice."

"I guess it's no different from paying to see a really expensive action movie, when you stop and think about it."

"There are plenty of other nations being ruled by despots, and none of them are getting this kind of celebrity treatment."

"He makes very sincere faces, and great copy. What else do you want?"

"We need a strong president like Bush who can keep suicide bombers from coming to the Rite Aid."

"I think Baghdad deserves to be bombed, if only because their night sky is green. It's just not natural."

"A lot of people in this country go out and protest because they have bad complexions and can't get laid."

"That's the thanks we get for leading the world in a Haystack Ride of Economic Progress."

"Why else would you stand out in the rain that long with a bunch of freedom-hating nuns and hippies?"

"I wonder if we're also allowed to bomb the Vatican. God knows the Catholics are about due for a regime change."

"May God bless America. And help us make bitches of everyone else."

"Personally I wouldn't really mind giving

SATELLITES BEAM THEATER OF WAR TO CHEAP SEATS

Visiting Team Makes Own Snuff Films for \$5M/week

INFORMATION LACKING INSIDE OUR MINISTRY; FORECAST SAYS "FOG"

Embed Journeys Risk Lives to Fill Space Between Commercials; (Stay tuned for Friends at 8!)

BY MORGAN KATZ

KUWAIT CITY, March 22 — Last night, like all of you, I was shocked and awed—more like shocked and horrified—by the footage broadcast out of Baghdad. I feel safe here in Kuwait City, where I still have room service and an internet connection. Our embeds [journalists who travel with military units] are surrounded by artillery and marines and are riding on tanks. It's become clear that the real danger is for those of us who are thinking of going into Iraq after the fighting.

The network began deploying our own "troops" to Iraq today, all illegally. One of my fellow correspondents sneaked over the border with an editor, producer, camera crew, and translator. He went first to Safwan, the town where Iraqis were shown kissing soldiers yesterday, and ripping down posters of Saddam. All of that footage was courtesy of Kuwaiti Television, not Western journalists. Kuwaiti TV, of course, has its own agenda. The Ministry of Information, who owns the station, wants a quick, clean war that clears out Saddam, and, with him, any threat to their oil wells and way of life.

When our reporters rolled in, they found a different story than the "sweets and flowers" piece broadcast last night. Off the record, folks: three journalists killed, and, now, up to eight journeys taken hostage. All of this, apparently, is the work of Iraqi soldiers posed as civilians. Our crew is in the process of trying to convince British soldiers to escort them to the border.

To allay all your fears: I'm not a cowboy (cowgirl?). The journeys who were captured/killed—I won't say they were asking for it, but they weren't being smart. They were rolling forward ahead of troops, past Umm Qasr (which isn't that safe in the first place), or rolling into cities after being explicitly warned that firefights were ongoing.

(OK, just after writing that last paragraph I got a Reuter's bulletin that journeys were killed in a northern Iraq car bombing. We are not well-liked people.)

SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 2003:

Just an update, and a mea culpa: Some of the reports we

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The paper that writes you back! *The paper that never sleeps!* *The paper that answers the phone!*

About this Issue

In the charged hours between Mr. Bush's ultimatum and his subsequent invasion of Iraq, we decided to scramble our own jets and produce this Special Extra National War edition in just under two weeks. We emailed everyone we knew and asked for their responses to the war, from whatever angle, on whatever topic, from whatever political persuasion. The response was overwhelming. We received submissions from farflung correspondents in California, Washington, D.C., New York, France, Japan, and even Texas. As dutiful readers of the *Inquirer* and *Daily News*, we were under the impression that the country was split exactly down the middle on the war question. We had planned to imitate our betters with similarly fair, objective, and balanced coverage. Imagine our surprise upon receiving only one submission out of ninety-eight that came out strongly in favor of the war. Don't these people follow the polls?

So if this issue seems too unilaterally dovish to you, we would ask that you set your reasons for supporting the war on Iraq down for Issue Eight, which will continue our war coverage and be released on May 2, 2003. We will not be doing the same extensive free distribution of Issue 8 in

VO TE

AGAINST THE PATRIOT ACT

War or No War, City Council Should Pass Councilman Ortiz's Resolution

In late March, at-large City Councilman Angel Ortiz introduced a resolution to affirm the civil rights of Philadelphia's citizens in the face of the recently passed Patriot Act and its concomitant encroachment on American liberties. The original draft of the resolution created too much controversy in debate, and the backing it had upon its submission dried up, forcing Ortiz to revise the bill. Apparently, some people interpreted a piece of the original bill as suggesting that citizens and municipal agencies withhold their cooperation from federal investigations conducted under broad powers of the Patriot Act. Before the revised version could be voted on, however, the war in Iraq began, making it politically impossible for the bill to pass.

Israel Colon, Councilman Ortiz's chief of staff, could not provide us with the exact phrase that sparked all the tumult. However, we have read through the revised draft and it does not suggest any willful non-compliance with federal law. What it does do is assert that the fight against terrorism must not sacrifice American civil liberties in its process. According to Colon, the resolution (not to be confused with legislation, which is enforceable by law) was introduced for a few key reasons. It first seeks to provoke public debate about the dangers of the Patriot Act, and draw connections between politically disparate groups who might work together to push for its repeal. It also commends the city's police for adhering to a departmental mandate (also introduced by Ortiz) not to bring the question of citizenship or residency into criminal investigations. Until the Patriot Act, enforcing immigration laws was the sole

job of federal officials. The resolution would also send a clear message to our congressional delegation to repeal the Patriot Act. Finally, and most importantly, Ortiz introduced this resolution as a response to the very real threat of mistreatment, abuse, and injustice facing the minority and ethnic communities in our city. In the current reactionary climate, this resolution is not simply a matter of constitutional principles or political currency. "There are a lot of people who are very fearful," said Colon.

The truth of the matter is this: the current draft of Ortiz's resolution does not propose the kind of municipal disobedience that some council members and media outlets have claimed it does. Many of them took it as a call to treason; in fact it simply called for us each to act according to our conscience. It is a disgrace and an embarrassment that our City Council would refuse to pass such a mild critique of federal policy in wartime, when it is so apparently the will of their constituents. Quite frankly, we would like to see Councilman Ortiz propose a bill – this one enforceable by law – that actually does include everything mistakenly attributed to the current resolution. Until that happens, all Philadelphians should know that there presently sits at least one member of City Council who is actively agitating for our civil liberties against the present federal crackdown. If you've been feeling powerless lately, your opinions ignored by your government, your protests going unheard, then try this for starters: find out who your city councilmember is, show up at their door, and demand they support Angel Ortiz and the protection of our civil liberties.



THE INDEPENDENT
welcomes letters on any subject.
Send yours to:
letters@phindie.com OR
307 Market St., 2nd Floor,
Phila., Penna 19106

HEAL THYSELF

DEAR PHILADELPHIA:

I am an international patient coordinator at a major New England hospital. Officially, I help patients from overseas obtain U.S. health-care by connecting them with appropriate physicians, making appointments and hotel arrangements, and serving as a liaison and advocate for them within the hospital system. Unofficially, I listen to complaints and try to solve those I can and commiserate with those I cannot. While many of these complaints deal with chronic lower back pain and the rudeness of doctors' secretaries, many more of them refer to the patient's home country vis-a-vis the United States.

"Everyone waits in line here!" from a shocked Italian.

"No one tries to steal your bag at the luggage claim!" marvels a Colombian.

As the patient stays longer in the U.S. or becomes more comfortable with me, these complaints go beyond cultural observations. I listen to a young girl whose official address is "in the main square across from the church, Ocotl, Nicaragua" explain the high unemployment rate of her country. I nod and promise not to talk to a Venezuelan about his credit card over the phone for fear that his government has tapped his line and will discover the Swiss bank account containing his modest life savings. At his request, I charge a Brazilian patient's monthly payment at the beginning of the month, before the real can lose more value. All the while I furrow my brow and say:

"I feel for you, the situation is terrible."

"I pray for your country."

"Chavez is insane."

"I don't know what Lula is thinking."

After two years of listening compassionately to the very sick and the very wealthy of the developing world, the complaints have now stopped completely. My patients still call to schedule follow up appointments or simply to chat with me, but their conversation is different.

"Is it safe for me to travel to Boston?" asks a woman from Bermuda.

"They don't tell you the whole story, Sarita. The US wants to make sure that oil is still traded in dollars," lectures a professor from Mexico.

"Why is your country so self-righteous?" demands a student from Spain.

"Do the American people realize they gave away their freedom in the last election? You live under a dictator!" proclaims a man from Trinidad.

"I am praying for you, Sarah," whispers a woman from the Dominican Republic.

Holy shit. Now they commiserate with me.

Sincerely,
SARAH E. JAY
Boston, Mass.

FROM PORTUGUESE TO MAN OF WAR

TO PRESIDENT BUSH:

Thank you, oh great leader George W. Bush.

Thank you for showing all of us the dangers Saddam Hussein represents. Perhaps many of us had forgotten that he utilized chemical weapons against his own people, against the Kurds, against Iran. Hussein is an bloody dictator, one of the clearest expressions of evil alive today.

However, this is not the only reason why I am thanking you. During the first few months

of 2003, you were capable of showing the world many important things, and for that you deserve my gratitude. So, recalling a poem I learned when I was a child, I'd like to say thank you.

Thanks for showing everyone the Turkish parliament is not for sale, not even for \$26 billion.

Thanks for revealing to the world the giant abyss that exists between the country's leader and the wishes of its people. Thanks for making it clear that both Jose Maria Aznar and Tony Blair couldn't care less, nor do they respect, the people who voted for them. Aznar is capable of ignoring the fact that 90 percent of the Spanish are against the war and Blair doesn't care that England just saw the largest public manifestation in the past thirty years.

Thanks, because your perseverance forced Blair to go before the parliament with falsified documents written by a student ten years ago and present them as "irrefutable proof gathered by British intelligence."

Thanks for making Colin Powell expose himself to ridicule, showing the U.N. Security Council some photos that, a week later, were publicly contested by Hans Blix, the inspector responsible for disarming Iraq.

Thanks because your position helped France's foreign minister, Mr. Dominique de Villepin, draw applause from the general assembly during his speech, which as far as I know, only happened once in the history of the United Nations - during a Nelson Mandela speech.

Thanks because, thanks to your war efforts, the Arabs, which were always divided until now, unanimously condemned an invasion during a meeting in Cairo.

Thanks because, thanks to your rhetoric affirming that "the U.N. has a chance to show its relevancy," even the most reluctant countries sided against an attack.

Thanks to your foreign policy, British foreign minister Jack Straw declared, in the 21st century, that "war can be morally justified" and, in declaring that, lost all his credibility.

Thanks for trying to divide a Europe that fights for unification, it was a warning that will not be ignored.

Thanks for achieving what few could in this century: unite millions of people, in all continents, who fight for the same idea - even though that idea opposes yours.

Thanks for making us feel that, even though our words were not heard, they were at least uttered, and that will give us more strength in the future.

Thanks for ignoring us, for marginalizing those who were against your decision, because the future if the earth belongs to those excluded.

Thanks because, without you, we wouldn't know our ability to mobilize. Maybe that does not serve us in the present, but it will be useful ahead.

Now that the war drums are soaring irresistibly, I want to make mine the words of an ancient European king to an invader: "May your morning be beautiful and let the sun shine in the armor of your soldiers, because at dusk I will defeat you."

Thanks for allowing all of us, an anonymous army marching through the streets trying to stop a process already in motion, know what is impotence, so that we can learn to deal with it and change it.

Therefore enjoy your morning and what glory it still brings you.

Thank you for not hearing us and not taking us seriously. But remember that we heard you and we will not forget your words.

Thank you very much,
PAULO COELHO
Brazil
translated by Lavinia De Castro

But this woman was also Greek and she was proud of that. "Greece doesn't do these horrible things to people" she said, shaking her head. "I cry for the children and the women there." Her husband said the troops should be brought back because "the real reason is oil business and the dollar."

I talked to shoppers looking on who told me they didn't agree with our involvement because it was not authorised by the U.N.

Others like the Bryants were "disgusted" by Australia's role in this war because it's clearly "about oil." It also means that "the most powerful country in the world can decide quite unilaterally to attack any country it wants."

So Mr. Howard, as the bombing continues once again today in one of the most lopsided and horrific wars in history, I hope you can one day explain why we're defending ourselves from Iraq.

I still don't know. Neither would anyone at yesterday's march.

NADYA STANI
Sydney, Australia

WHICH WAR?

DEAR PHILADELPHIA:

The radio shouts out soundbites, sandstorms and Saddam at 5:00. I am laid out flat on my bed of plywood boards feeling epic as hell. My mother did this too: listened to the Vietnam War tear up the airwaves as she lay in a heatless house on the city's south side. I am here in the west living stacked up like a sardine with a war on. This winter, the seven of us couldn't stop watching action movies. But now life seems to have imploded to become like that: mostly midnight missiles and bombs on Baghdad.

I ride my bike everyday through the bombed out blocks of Northeast Philadelphia. I work at a school on J street and Juniper* bombarded by the ghostly scars of urban clutter: external staircase outlines and concrete rubble mountains where barber shops and meat markets should be. I ride by bumping over blue bellied pigeons, diaper pails and crunched up eyeglasses.

The disproportionate spatial distribution of the Northeast induces a distinct urban swing. Some sections bustle with pedestrians pounding to loud Latin music over a sidewalk speaker. The next block whistles with the empty bellow of vacant lots and plywood windows. Sometimes it smells like the neighborhood where I used to live in Chile. Like fried food and street dogs.

I wonder if the Iraqis running from Baghdad know that the school I teach in doesn't have soap in the bathrooms or a slide outside. That the kids at my school move from class to class lined up like soldiers. Single file Saddam. There's just none.

And it's not convincing to talk about human rights abuses in Iraq as you have done to justify our involvement. Australia is not joining this illegal war to defend the Iraqi people from a dictator. In fact, Saddam Hussein's regime has never been a concern of your government.

Have you forgotten the Iraqi asylum seekers we've detained or returned to Iraq? Have you forgotten the vilification campaign run by your immigration Minister against the refugees? Have you forgotten the lies about the refugees you based and won your election campaign on?

Well this time Mr. Howard you have not won. There are other voices insistent on being heard. So I thank you for reviving the peace movement.

Just over a month ago at least a million people took to the streets around Australia in a resounding NO! to your government's decision; even in places like Goondiwindi – a Liberal heartland Mr. Howard. Your constituency.

Yesterday I joined Sydney's second major march since war has been declared. 30,000 came out demanding a stop to the war and the return of our troops. Like the rest of the marches around Australia, there was young and old; people who never go to marches and people who do.

I met a middle-aged woman who told me she was ashamed to be Australian and Christian. Easter "is coming" she said "and we're doing these horrible things to people."

Which war? I ask myself. Which war.

They are only kids after all. Today I went to a high-class bakery in the Old City that smelled of cinnamon gold. The man behind the counter told me that trucks filled with fresh focaccia come down daily from a factory of a bakeshop in the Northeast. But I had just stopped at a deli up there to find nothing but a few crunchy donuts and stale rolls. I stood by as a white lady bent and begged the storekeeper for a bathroom key. The skin around her eyes sagged with the blood clot blue of track marks. The man said no. No. No. In stumbling English told her, no more drugs in his store.

I wonder if Bush knows about the weapons of mass destruction daily trucked down fresh from the Northeast. Or that the integrity of my students needs defending.

The radio report finishes as my room grays. I have duct tape and plastic on my windows to keep out the cold winter not the Code Orange. Bush says, "It is important for the American people to realize that this war has just begun." Which war? I ask myself. Which war.

JAN BINDAS-TENNEY

Philadelphia

The UNITED STATES

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations

G Washington

OF AMERICA

FOR IRAQ

on the five o'clock news,
the newscaster with the obedient hair
mispronounces your name again,
wrongly elongates the i,
coughs up a k like a gun shot.
later that night,
her children will ask,
between spoonfuls of mix, boil, and stir coucous,
where you live in the world.
she will not answer in land, region, or even continent,
but that
"over there they make their women weak,
their coffee too strong."

on oprah,
thomas friedman talks about a benevolent Amerikkka-
the trendy white girl in the 'hood
giving you,
her third world 'sista,'
a free prom makeover.
"girl, i'll take you out of that shapeless sack of dress,
squeeze you into something lacy and western,
lend you my sticky, red lipstick-
a real democratic shade-
very becoming on brown skin."

somewhere between asia and africa,
i should have found you,
ethnic studies aisle 7.
instead they confused pakistan and palestine,
while on the intercom
a call to prayer -
"security to the information desk"

— HANAN MASRI

Hanan Masri is an Arab-American Muslim
woman living in the Bay Area.

opinion
OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE

SO WHY NOT OLD ENOUGH TO WIN?

BY JOHN SEERY

Wartime often gives rise to inter-generational issues. In 1971, the Vietnam War prompted the passage of the 26th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which lowered the voting age to eighteen. Proponents at the time argued that our draftees were being forced to fight and die for their country while being unable to vote.

It is time again to consider another such amendment. The Constitution's minimum age requirements for representatives to the House, Senate, and Presidency—at 25, 30, and 35, respectively—perpetuate a similar form of antiquated age discrimination that cries out for latter-day reform. Once again, young people are being sent off to fight a war by older representatives of an electoral process that systematically prevents young people from representing themselves.

Initially the Framers of the Constitution were not going to include any minimum age requirements. James Wilson argued against them. James Madison says offhandedly in Federalist 62 that advanced age requirements would afford representatives with greater "information and stability of character." But he offers no further argument to back his 18th century prejudice. Surely today we recognize that such structural constraints violate a fundamental principle of representative democracy: Let the voters decide such matters for themselves!

The benefits of opening up the representative system to all eligible voters would far outweigh any possible costs. Many of our voting-age youth have evidently withdrawn their energies from the electoral system. The 18-24 year-old voting rates have declined steadily from 1972 to 2000. Fifty percent of the 18-24 year-old voters cast a ballot in 1972; only 35 percent of the same group voted in 2000. Opening up the competition for congressional offices could invigorate the system at all levels. Imagine if younger candidates could by-pass the entrenched party hierarchies that all too frequently reward life-long insiders and gray-haired hacks.

Moreover, many of our most pressing political, economic, and cultural conflicts in the coming years are inter-generational. Militarism, environmentalism, global warming, budget deficits, health care, stock market investment, the future viability of Social Security are all hot-button issues that look quite different as assessed from short-term versus long-term perspectives. But the system is clearly rigged in favor of old folks. The demographics of the United States are now also skewed heavily toward an aging population. The American Association of Retired Persons has become a powerful lobby. Young voters, however, cannot even run for federal office or elect one of their own. They should be allowed

John Seery chairs the Department of Politics at Pomona College in Claremont, California. This is his first contribution to THE INDEPENDENT.

MUSICIANS ON THE WAR

ABSENTING BONO, YOKO & ENO

COMPILED BY MIKE MCKEE

Governmental and corporate control over media and public opinion is more consolidated and absolute compared to thirty years ago (Clear Channel, anyone?). If we do not shout out above the din of "United We Stand" or struggle to spit out the American flags shoved down our throats, then we'll all drown and choke in this conservative crap. If you're indeed "alternative", "independent", DIY, then speak out!

—ALLISON WOLFE
Bratmobile

I think the election results shed light on how disenfranchised many Americans feel right now—who is speaking for us, who is representing us?

"Being political doesn't merely entail singing a protest song or expressing dissent. Try being in an all-female band. Female musicians are asked to defend themselves and their lyrics and to justify their very essence all of the time.

—CARRIE BROWNSTEIN
Sleater-Kinney

We live in such an anti-political cynical climate that everyone is terrified to take a stand that might make them seem stupid: I feel like a frog boiling in a pot that never noticed the water getting warmer.

—JENNY TOOMEY
Tsunami
Future of Music Coalition

I feel like the people who care about this country and are critical to make it better are the real patriots. There's a real lack of quality debate over real issues. I don't trust this administration at all to make good decisions based on what is good for the most people, or to even think too hard about the consequences of a war.

—ATOM GOREN
Atom & His Package

A protest march in London of almost half a million people against American terrorization of Iraq was barely reported in the press. Merely visibility is clearly not enough to persuade those in power that the tide has turned against them. If they refuse to look at reason, they must be forced to take heed of the consequences. Revolution is never more than a stone's throw away. Cry your tears, Walt Whitman, for the paper-thin mask of American democracy has finally been exposed. In his quest for global supremacy, it is clear that—clothes or no—this particular Emperor will stop at nothing.

—PENNY RIMBAUD
Crass

There are those who like the pop genius of our music, but when they find out that we DON'T like sexism, homophobia, patriotism, the Pope, they flip and decide they want to fight us. I've had threats from everyone from Frat Boys to skinheads to mallrats. We get it

more than most of the obviously anarcho bands, because Hot Topical Frat Boyardees don't accidentally find themselves at R.A.M.B.O. gigs.

It's not enough to be fighting the normals and corporate society. The counter-culture must equally be a true alternative and example of what exists outside of the norm. The cultural aspect is what needs to appeal to people. Once someone embraces that, it's easier to start unravelling the patriotic jive they've been told their whole life.

—LANCE HALL
J Church

"When someone wants war and has the ability to orchestrate it then yes, it is sadly inevitable."

"I don't think anyone can say war and aggression ultimately provide security. I think in the short term yes, it provides the reassurance that our country is able to take an active, decisive, and critical action to protect our interest and security. However, I think it's a false security. Physics, ya know? Equal and opposite reaction."

"I don't think anyone will benefit from this war. The immediate idea that a terrible leader will be out of power and the opportunity for those people to take control of their own destiny is a great benefit, however, I'm not really convinced that is what is going to happen here. Most likely freedom will equal gang violence, territorial war, and oil for blood as an economy already weak sinks further."

—BRIAN SOKEL
AM/FM

"The greater the visibility of opposition, the safer it feels for individuals to raise their own voices."

"Unfortunately, politics aren't sexy right now. People want party music, not protest music."

—DAN YEMIN
Paint it Black/ Kid Dynamite

We talk of law and order, demanded on our streets.

While halfway around the world, we're bombing neighborhoods with shells. Then you attack us as violent in all your news magazines.

Self-serving interests covered up, to question why is to blaspheme.

Good intentions: Our Interventions—sacred, bloodless and pristine.

The liberated cheer the victors, at least in textbook history.

While wide-eyed, bombed out, battered children "wonder why the westerners are there."

You don't care who's knocked down.

Until the day they rise.

—Humanitarian Intervention

by KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS

Mike McKee is a native Philadelphian who supports pretzels in protests and is a contributing writer to Punk Planet, Maximum Rock'n' Roll and HeartAttack.

opinion

OUR OWN BEST ENEMY

WHY THE WAR AGAINST THE WAR MUST CONTINUE

BY ROBERT ZALLER

We have met the enemy and he is us. As I write, the lawless, unelected regime that rules the United States is preparing to wage war against an all but defenseless nation we have bombed and starved for twelve years. It does so in defiance of its own laws, which require a constitutional declaration of war; of the United Nations Charter, which it flouts with contempt; and of a nearly unanimous world opinion. We will inflict enormous and unconscionable harm upon a suffering people, sow meritless hatred for our arrogance and our callous indifference to human life, and cause lasting damage to institutions which, imperfect as they may be, are the only stay against international anarchy. The result will be a world less secure for ourselves and our children, and a nation diminished and degraded by its own acts. Resistance is the only proper response. We must let the world know that the Bush regime acts without our compliance and without our consent; we must demand of our representatives—those actually elected by us—that they live up to their constitutional responsibilities; we must wage war against the war on all

fronts and by all lawful means available. Only thus can we vindicate some shred of our honor.

It will be said, as our politicians have already said, that we must support our troops in the field, whatever our reservations about their mission. I say to those troops: Lay down your arms; refuse to fight; refuse to be an instrument of the usurped authority that would write its dreams of empire in your blood and the blood you will shed. That is the only glory you can win and the only mission you can accomplish.

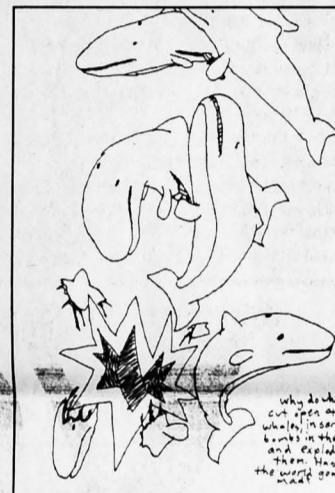
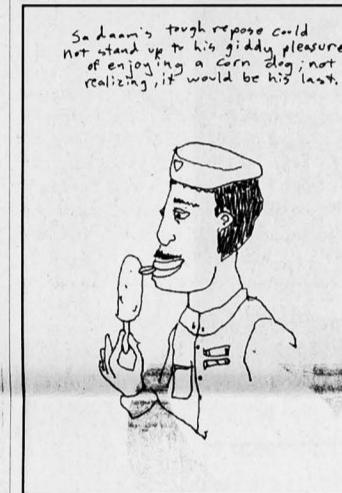
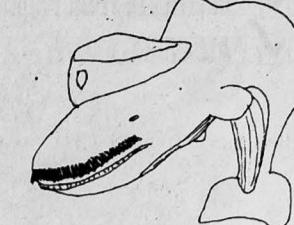
To those who come after us and will inherit the wronged world we have made, our only appeal can be the power of our indignation, the unanimity of our rejection, and the depth of our moral commitment. Never before in our history has a war been preceded, as this one has, by an active antiwar movement. It has failed thus far; war is now upon us. Let it go forward with renewed determination to see the war stopped, its evils undone as far as they can be, and its perpetrators brought to justice.

Robert Zaller is Professor of History at Drexel University in Philadelphia.

Beautiful things about the War:
When the fascists ran out of money
they started harvesting stinging nettles
to weave into linen to be
made into uniforms.
In the desert nettles don't grow
So the bad guys shoot their guns
and kill people.
Nettles are also useful for
medicinal purposes. For more
info check out the internet—it's
great!



WOULD BUSH STILL KILL SADDAM IF HE WERE A WHALE?



from TORONTO, page 1

The soldiers' relatives put it down to Canada not having backed the U.S. in Iraq.

Then there was the guy in Vancouver who found his bid on eBay for a printer was rejected by a company in Georgia. The reason? His ".ca" e-mail address identified him as a Canadian. Sorry, fella, we don't like your kind here. That's small potatoes, of course. When the attitude extends to trade disputes, such as the long-running one over softwood lumber used by homebuilders, or to the ease of shipping goods across the Canada-U.S. border, or to limitations on Canadians working in the U.S., that's when the blow-back will start to sting in Canada.

How will Canadians react? They'll muddle through politely, jabbing back every now and then just for the hell of it.

It was an American, Edgar Z. Friedenberg, teaching at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, who first pinned the phrase "defence to authority" on Canadians. More than their bland niceness, he was talking about their desire for order, and their lack of passion for liberty. He despaired, even as he admired the place and ultimately died here. "The United States is a great nation, though not a good one," he wrote in 1973. "Canada is a good country, and it has been good to me, and I am grateful to it."

So it is, but it's strangely tepid much of the time, and to the little extent they care, Americans may have trouble figuring out why it's not a better ally.

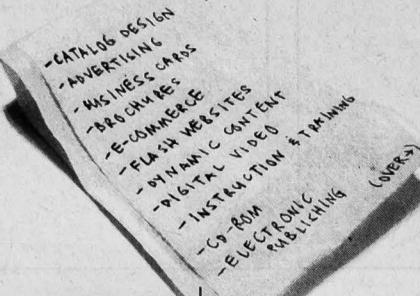
Doug MacKay, 53, is an editor in Toronto with *GlobeInvestorGOLD.com*, a financial Web site. He was previously an editor with Bloomberg News. MacKay is the former editor-in-chief of the Halifax Daily News and former assistant managing editor of the Winnipeg Free Press.

MEN STILL HUNT IN PACKS



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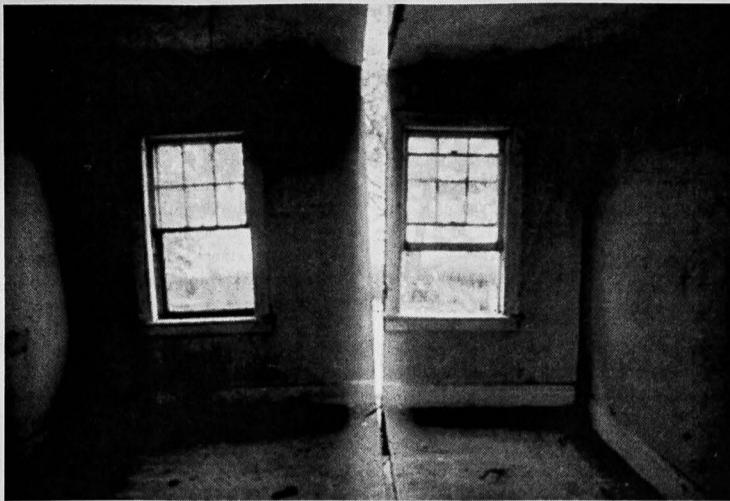
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A HOUSE DIVIDED

WHAT MATTÀ-CLARK'S WORK HAS TO SAY ABOUT BAGHDAD

BY CHRISTINE SMALLEWOOD



In 1974, American artist Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-1978) used a chainsaw to cleave an Englewood, New Jersey home in two. "Splitting," his first "building-cut," marked a brief career in which Matta-Clark intervened in the lives of abandoned buildings scheduled for demolition by marking, opening, hacking, cutting, splitting, and fracturing their walls, ceilings, windows, foundation, frames, beams, and paths of light, altering and reordering the shape of space before the wrecking ball struck.

As American bombs fall over Baghdad, targeting the Presidential Palace but destroying whole rows of buildings, sending shockwaves through the city that blow glass out of shops, I think of Gordon Matta-Clark. For while Matta-Clark's projects – especially the homes – each had its own precious self-sufficiency, its own funereal attention paid to the sculptural transformation from place to non-place, to missing place, each also dealt with the questions of annihilation, of the broader collapse of architecture, of the loss of public space. Before institutions – city planning boards, zoning commissions, local bodies of government – carried out their living wills, Matta-Clark asked what it is that makes a building a building, and what it feels to be in a building that is not quite itself but not quite yet something else.

I'm worried about Baghdad. I'm worried about its buildings, and its streets, and its bridges. I'm worried about its park benches where teenagers rest and its corners where kids fight and its vendors where suits buy lunch. I'm worried about the places where people meet to organize and to shop and to eat and to dance and to work. I don't know how many of these places will actually be destroyed in the imminent urban warfare, but I'm scared out of my mind that we learned nothing from Dresden, nothing from Hiroshima, that we have learned nothing about the trauma of rebuilding. Gordon Matta-Clark was an experimental

practice, small and careful, curious and patient and loud and violent and contemplative. The United States' government project is one of planned recklessness without any regard for the sensitivity of place, for the repercussions of the ruin of symbolic icons and the damage of whatever sites just happen to be in the way. It is an illegitimate seizure of authority that grants itself the power to choose which landmarks to raze, that deprives Baghdad the right to control the design of its own landscape. In that field of urban space, beams will collapse, shards of glass will sparkle in the street, ceilings will be blown-out, and drywall will crumble according to a logic controlled by the madness of weapons bureaucracy and chance.

The United States military has targets, of course. No one is shooting for the daycares. But they are bombing for submission, waging a war not only against civilian lives, but against architecture, until the city falls, until its streets surrender. When the Twin Towers exploded, it was a hysterical surprise. Iraqis have had warning of the collapse, for the burning of their homes, bus stops, markets, and offices. I would like to know how a city prepares to be destroyed by the fiercest military in the world. I would like to know what citizens will see in the rubble, what meaning the debris will have, what resentment it will foster. I would like to know if anyone like Gordon Matta-Clark will choose to care for the twilight of those buildings, and what the transition from constructed to destroyed will mean to those who call Baghdad home. I wonder whether the fragility of our most powerful materials will be revealed, unearthed, by these marked monuments of war, or if we will taste only the ignorant imperialism that pummels and smashes with nothing but satisfaction at the evidence, the blips on radar screens and the hazy photographs of burning orange horizons.

Christine Smallwood is a regular contributor to THE INDEPENDENT and a student at Swarthmore College in Swarthmore, Pa.

from KUWAIT CITY, page 1

demanding to cross the border. She wants to be the first anchor in Baghdad. Well, after Koppel, who seems to be in the best position for that job.

MONDAY, MARCH 24, 2003:

The headline in the *Washington Post* last week was something like, "They threw a war and [the network] barely showed up." Now, not even a week after the war has started, we're packing up and going home. We've been spending something like \$5 million a week on war preparations; everything from hotel rooms to satellite dishes to catered lunches. Now that the charge up to Baghdad seems to be moving forward, the network has declared a U.S. victory and wants us all to come back to our desk jobs. (There's also some face-saving involved, I'm sure. None of the nets are covering this war 24-7. It's time to get out before we sink another \$100 million.)

The problem, of course, is that the story has just started. Fighting continues in earnest throughout Iraq. According to our experts, this was always the plan: To "shock and awe" by charging up to the capital and decapitating the regime, leaving troops at the rear to mop up the house-to-house warfare we're waging in the rest of the country.

The network has also decided not to air pictures of killed American soldiers and POWs. I've seen the footage, truly grisly stuff: soldiers with bullets in their heads, lying in what looks like the back of a truck, their limbs

on public display (what Cleopatra feared so much at the end of "Antony and Cleopatra"—being sent through the streets of Rome for all the world to see). Of course, we've shown a parade (literally!) of Iraqi POWs. One news correspondent from a different station actually broadcast live from a POW camp, with Iraqis in the background.

Some people think it's also in poor taste to air pictures of the dead soldiers. Certainly, the close-ups of bullet holes through the head are un-airable. But a wide shot of bodies is important for America to stand up and notice. This is war. Or, as the protesters have been chanting: "This is what democracy looks like." That is, when it's inflicted on other people, using thousands of pounds of artillery.

Today, we were brought more pictures from inside Iraq by a real war dog photographer, a Frenchman named Pierre. He had shot oil well fires and bombed-out houses during the day—overnight he and the other journalists he was with drove around with their lights cut off, wrapped up in flak jackets, hoping not to be ambushed. The video he came out with: Angry Iraqis (more of them), demanding to know what we were doing in their country (Pierre translated their words as, "Bush is bullshit"); American flags flying in Umm Qasr (Hold it—Weren't we not doing that? Weren't we not going in as an imperial occupying force?); ammunition stores in private homes; U.S. soldiers searching Iraqis they'd stopped on the roads. "It's not safe there. They're looking to kill Americans," Pierre said. Then: "I'm going back in tonight."

There are a lot of sirens today; no one takes



MONICA MURGIA

note of them anymore. We had one at 1:05 a.m. last night (and another at 5:30 a.m., and another at 10:30 a.m., and another at 12:25, and another at 12:45, and another just now, at 4:45 p.m.), and I kept right on drinking the smuggled scotch and Diet Coke I'd managed to get my hands on.

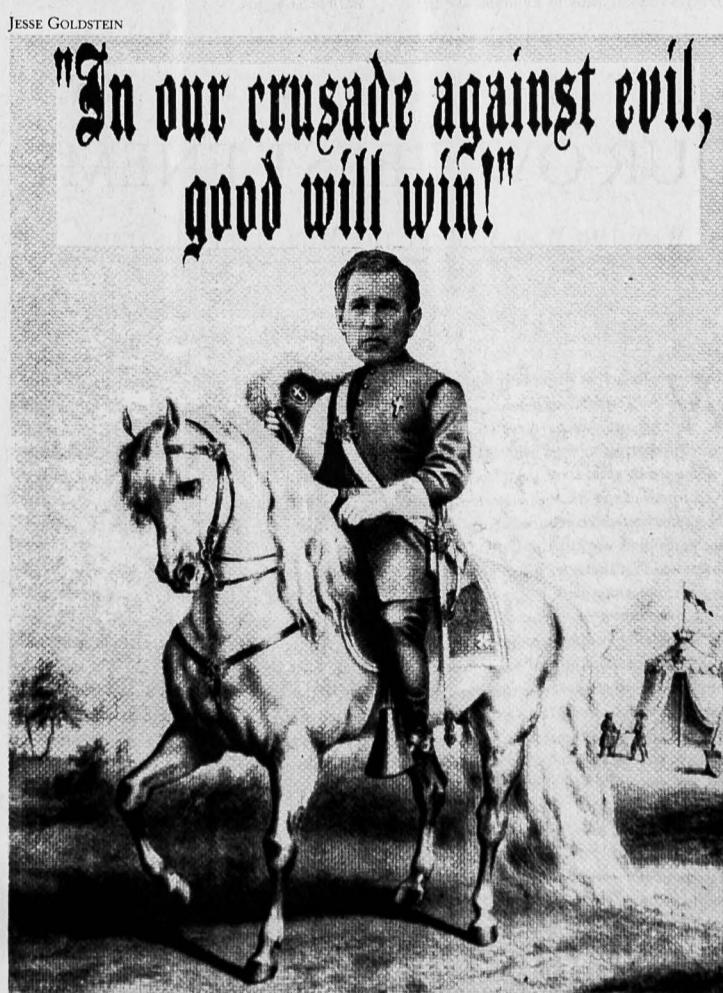
Just had another siren. We've been having a lot of double-sirens. There will be a siren, an all clear, and then an all clear will blend into a siren again. There are rumors that that the fighting in Umm Qasr is escalating to include small chemical arms. It's just a rumor. Doesn't make that any more comforting.

Needless to say, our bureau chief is fighting the good fight and trying to keep a few more warm bodies here to deal with all the news we're reporting. I may stay, but I may be back Wednesday.

The author is a television producer based in Kuwait City, covering the war against Iraq for a major network. Morgan Katz is a pseudonym.

JIM COMEY

ALL HAIL EMPEROR BUSH



scrapbook

STORIES OF THE DEAD

GENERATIONS LATER, MY FAMILY'S PHOTOGRAPHS STILL CAPTURE THE HAUNTING STORIES OF WARS PAST

BY PAUL H. HEBNER



I grew up on war stories. I loved them. I couldn't get enough of them. My Great-Grandfather was a Civil War veteran. My Grandfather served in the First World War, my stepfather served in the Second World War, my father was in the Korea conflict, and I missed being drafted for Vietnam by only a few months. War has defined the generations of my family and I'm sure it's the same for many other American families. That's one of the truths that I have come to know about war: It's a family affair.

Unfortunately, today's war stories aren't really stories at all. They are the real-time,

twenty-four-hour-per day broadcasts of every bomb dropped and every shot fired. Today's war stories are called news.

For months we have been expected to give our consent and support for a war in Iraq and expected to believe that the war will be just, lawful, and for the good of all people, especially Americans and Iraqis. But the wars that have shaped my family and the war stories that have shaped my very consciousness have taught me what war is and why there can be no good or just wars, even if some have been necessary. I know how all wars end. I've been shown and I have pictures to prove it.

Everything I know about war I learned from family stories and the photographs that went with them. The earliest stories were about the Civil War. My connection to the Civil War is much more direct and personal than that of other Americans of my generation. My great grandfather and his brothers were veterans of the Great Rebellion, as their generation preferred to call it. He married very late in life and was an old man when my grandfather was born in 1898. So, while there's a generation missing in my family, that fact makes my connection to that war much more real than it would be otherwise. I knew and

could talk to people, my grandfather in this case, who knew and could talk to people who lived through that war.

My great grandfather's name was Herbert Griggs and he was one of six children. The oldest was Charles D. Griggs, Uncle Charlie, a giant of a man who stood 6'4" tall, according to family legend. Next in line among the boys of the family were Herbert and his identical twin, Albert. And this is where the story becomes both complicated, interesting, and—since we are talking about war—tragic. The Griggs family originated in Boston, but settled in Ohio in the decades preceding the conflict. When the southern states seceded and war consumed the nation like a plague, most Ohioans sided with the union, as did Herbert and Charles. Albert, though, was a rebel in thought, word, and deed. He joined the Confederacy and died in battle.

Herbert was just seventeen years old when he enlisted with the Ohio Volunteers. He was not yet nineteen when the war ended and in those few short months he witnessed thousands of deaths—not the quick, clean, ready-for-prime-time deaths that we see on CNN and MSNBC, but the slow, agonizing, and bloody deaths of men and boys whose bodies had been torn apart by bullets and bayonets.

I've often wondered if Herbert and Albert ever faced each other in battle and if, in the end, Herbert was the Union soldier who killed his brother. No one will ever know for certain, but the possibility is so strong that the idea has taken on a life of its own in our family.

Battlefield deaths are only one measure of the horror of war and, one can argue, the smallest measure.

Charles attained the rank of Captain during the war and suffered a bullet wound that left one leg shorter than the other. Considering his unusual stature and the easy target that made him, it's amazing he was shot

only once.

Both brothers received veteran's benefits for the rest of their lives of less than \$3.00 per month. Small compensation indeed for surviving such horror.

During the Second World War, my stepfather, Ferdinand L. Hebner, enlisted in the U.S. Army and served with the 12th Armored Division, earning the rank of Sergeant and participating in combat operations in Europe from December 1944 until the end of the war.

He went to war with the training of a soldier, the skills of a cartographer and translator, and a small Kodak camera with twelve rolls of color film—very rare for the time. Make no mistake, my stepfather and his fellow soldiers saved the world. His was indeed the "greatest generation" and his photographs bear witness to both the devastation of war and the immeasurable sacrifice of those who fought.

Those pictures were my entertainment and my education growing up. They were more riveting than any war movie (even John Wayne movies) and more informative than any history book. Their narratives were immediate and real, not abstract or distant. I would examine each and every print and slide for hours, trying to absorb them, trying to transport myself into them.

Some pictures were easy to deal with: the victorious soldiers and military technology. Others though, have haunted me since the first moment I saw them. Those photographs were taken during the liberation of a death camp at Landsberg Germany in April 1945, one of several that made up the Dachau concentration camp complex.

My stepfather's camera spared nothing. The Nazi jailers tried to destroy evidence of their crimes by burning bodies in huge piles. They failed. On photo showed the camp commandant, who was captured by U.S. soldiers

while trying to escape, disguised as a civilian. He failed, too.

The photos also showed that, at war's end, there is nothing left but piles of dead to be mourned and buried, and tired soldiers—both victors and vanquished—who want only to go home.

When I was young, we had our own war. We could watch it on TV. But it was a small war, as wars go, not the same scale as either of the World Wars—the wars of my father and grandfather. However, the peace we knew following it was large and general. With the exception of the Israeli-Arab conflict, the United States and the Soviet Union managed to keep most of the world in order. All that has changed.

This new war may be over very quickly. At least that's what the generals and politicians will tell us. But this war in Iraq may turn out to be nothing more than a skirmish, an opening salvo in a greater conflict that is bound to pull the entire world into it.

We can say we won the last world war, and for the generals and politicians, that may be true. But for the rest of us, for all of us, it can only be said that we survived and prevailed. War never really grants anyone victory. The double scourge of Nazi Germany and the Empire of Japan were crushed, but the cost of 60 million dead and two continents in ruins left a joyless victory.

There is only one end to this war or any other global war and my stepfather took pictures of it fifty-eight years ago. Look at the pictures, and if you can stand it, study them. They will show you what to expect from war. All wars have the same end. There are no winners, only corpses, and the claims of those who tell us that war will make us safe, that war is just, that war is legal, are all lies.

Paul H. Hebner is a writer based in New York City.



Griggs family portrait, circa 1854. From left to right, Emily, Albert (who was killed in the Civil War), "Father" Griggs, Frank (the youngest), "Mother" Griggs, Herbert (my Great-Grandfather and Albert's identical twin), Charles (the oldest), and Annie.



Portrait of Charles D. Griggs. This photo was taken at a photo studio in Boston, where the family started out, so it would appear that he joined a Massachusetts regiment.



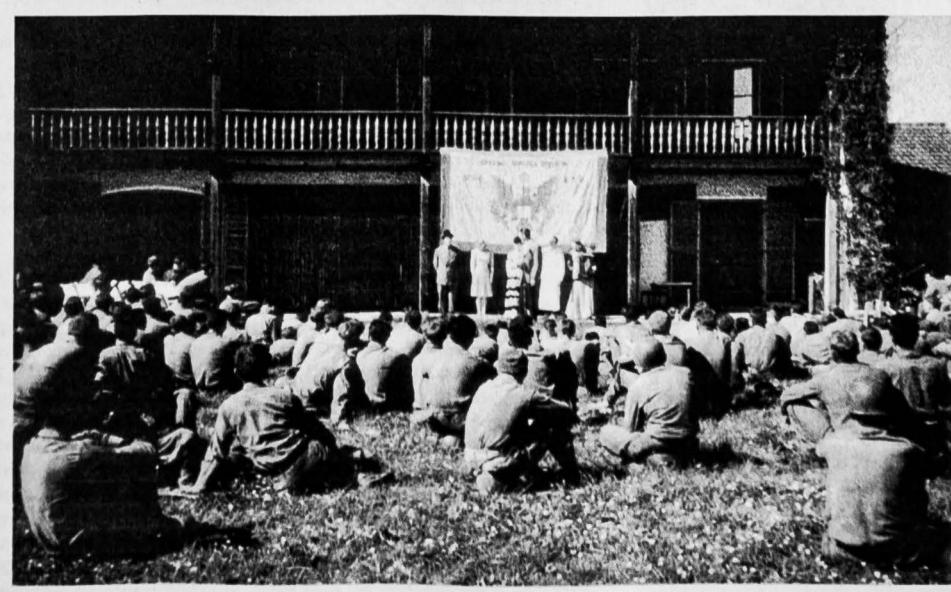
May 1944. The 12th Armored Division in training exercises in Texas. The vehicle pictured is an M7, self-propelled artillery.



April 1945. These three photographs were taken during the liberation of a death camp at Landsberg Germany, one of several that made up the Dachau concentration camp complex. The first photo shows the camp commandant, who was captured by soldiers of the U.S. 12th Armored Division while trying to escape, disguised as a civilian.



March 18, 1945. The 12th Armored Division in Nazi Germany, moving rapidly toward the Rhine River, sixty miles away. The destruction visible in the town is the result of Allied artillery and aerial bombardment.



June 1945. The war in Europe is over. The men of the 12th Armored Division watch their first USO show.



April 1945. Thousands upon thousands of German soldiers surrendered in one day. These are just a few of them.

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A REMEDIAL SUMMARY OF MESOPOTAMIAN HISTORY

In These Pages, More Than Your Congressman Knows

BY HENRY WILLIAM BROWNEJOHNS

A placid Philadelphian, among all Americans, will have a finer sense of history, as his every surrounding is emblazoned with a plaque announcing Significance, and to spend any time in such conditions is to develop a trace of sympathy with Time that most Yankees lack. Yet even the Philadelphian must eventually confront his ultimate naïveté, as soon as he flees his native soil, for the world is not three hundred years old; and Ben Franklin did not fashion the wheel, or conceive the arch.

As such, it is appropriate, amid all the yelping about urgent contemporary crises, to present a wider, deeper view of the past, specifically in that geography now ubiquitous upon the teleprompters of the anchor-men. The shape of Iraq is by now as familiar to the American couch-jockey as is the feel of his own navel, but for all that recognition, I would wager there is scarcely the beginning of comprehension among a third of you, Iraq, a relatively new country, nevertheless deserves a plaque of Significance a thousand times as grand as anything weighing on the most antique Philadelphia tool-shed, and the text thereupon should read something as follows.



The oldest towns in the world are about five thousand years ancient, and they are in Iraq. Literally 'between the rivers,' Mesopotamia was a fine old marsh and lush grassland, fed by the Tigris and the Euphrates streams. It was, apparently, as good as anywhere to set up a town, the locals finally having become exhausted with the small-scale agriculture and nomadic subsistence farming that was so chic at the end of the Stone Age. Whatever the inspiration, civilization was established here, and to date, the mounds of those old burbs are still around to have one's picture taken in front of.

The builders of these first human towns soon formed a loosely-bound nation, which we know today as Sumer. This was in the lower extremity of the Tigris and Euphrates plain, which, it must be remembered, was at the time as far North, or further, than the current Baghdad. The ample silt output of the two rivers has built most of modern Southern Iraq in only the last few thousand years.

The Sumerians got humanity off to a rousing beginning, building the great ziggurat temples of Uruk, Eridu, and Ur, where Abraham is said to have been born; and, inspired by the god Enki, of wisdom and water, invented the world's first written language, cuneiform. In this first abstract symbology, they set down not only trading records and religious texts, but humanity's first literature, the peculiar and entertaining Epic of Gilgamesh. It is one of the great shortfalls of our modern education that the entirety of the Epic of Gilgamesh – so overflowing with raunchy erotica, chivalric battles, fantastical creatures, absurd instances of magic, and bawdy naturalism – is not required reading. Your author, anyway, recommends it.

The Sumerians kept themselves busy raising sheep and goats, and growing barley – for beginners, they were adept diggers of irrigation canals. It is widely held that the Sumerians were those much speculated-upon inventors of the wheel, even – though they seem to have invented it for pottery-making, and only incidentally did one get attached to a cart. It is as surprising to learn that the plough was conceived of by the same people, who started out with wooden ones, and quickly moved on to copper, and then to bronze. By 3000 B.C.E., the Sumerians had made more than a few giant leaps out of the Neolithic.

To the North of Sumeria, a Semitic people had settled around a city known as Agade, though this metropolis has yet to be located by archaeology. After their capital, we know them as the Akkadians, and for several centuries, they coexisted in relative peace with the Sumerians to the South. By 2300 B.C.E., the Akkadians, under a fellow called Sargon I, became more aggressive, and the two populations began to mingle – about as tranquil a conquest as the region would see in its history. The combined Sumerian-Akkadian nation, an ethnic as well as a political mixture, would, in the next century, come to be known as Babylonia.

Babylonia, centered around the great city of Babylon on the Euphrates (this, too, can still

be visited, though its splendor is understandably less than it once was – I understand only the outer walls are still discernible), was, according to the Old Testament, the last stop before the Garden of Eden. The number of ancient texts praising the size and magnificence of the city of Babylon is enough to break a sturdy shelf, and from reading just a few of them, it becomes fairly clear that Babylon was the Gotham of its day. In a world the human population of which was still barely a million strong, Babylon was said to extend ten miles in diameter, and was so crowded that certain districts' streets weren't wide enough to walk down, but the buildings were accessed by hatches in the roof. And as we had our Laguardia – or our Giuliani, depending on your stance – Babylon had Hammurabi, who reigned between 2123 and 2081, B.C.E. His most notorious achievement was the Code of Hammurabi; this was a great diorite cylinder, upon which was carved the first set of laws, the first effort at uniform, secular justice in human society. Its slant was towards the lex talionis, an eye for an eye, but the records of the age indicate that Hammurabi himself was surprisingly merciful for the inventor of such a terse constitution. The Code itself resides today in the Louvre, tangible to any doubters, but safe from the dismantling urge of the Attorney General.

Babylon had seven centuries to thrive, and did, by all accounts. Our own grand town has spread their marbled culture to the heathens on the steppes.

-247 B.C.E.: Resident Persians of the Parthian tribe, under Mithridates I and II, inherit the remnants of the Greek empire; they were promptly confronted by the newly ambitious Romans, against whom they fought robustly enough that Augustus Caesar declared, with all due concealed humility, that the Euphrates was "far enough" for the Roman Eastern front. Emperor Trajan, in 114 C.E., pushed a little further, and won Mesopotamia for Rome, but only briefly, before ceding it back to the Persian conglomerate; and Septimius Severus did the same in 198 C.E. – the last time until 1920 that a Western power would preside over old Sumer, though not for lack of trying.

-600 B.C.E.: The second blossoming of Babylonia (called by the experts the Chaldean era) is inaugurated by the reign of King Nebuchadnezzar. Besides an appearance in the pages of the Bible as a nifty villain, Nebuchadnezzar was known for the rebuilding of Babylon to a glory equal to, or even greater than, its previous one. He built the Hanging Gardens, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. And on every brick of the rebuilt city, he had imprinted the phrase "I am Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon." The current Mr. Hussein has learned some of his gusto from the despots of yesteryear; all new construction in Iraq, including all of Mr. Hussein's royal palaces, is done with bricks inscribed with the name Saddam Hussein.

-538 B.C.E.: Babylonia's rebirth comes to an abrupt end, as does any sort of ethnic sovereignty for the Mesopotamian people, with the conquest by the Persians under Cyrus the Great. The Persians, technically, were an Aryan race come down from Central Asia, and were the ancestors of today's Iranians, though, as the

-711 C.E.: Just this very thing occurs, after the death of Mohammed. The cult of Islam he established in Arabia spread ferociously among the Arab population of the peninsula, and gave that nomadic people a reason to organize and expand. Not a decade after Mohammed died (leaving his followers a little confused and aimless, as he left no sons, and no directions for the continuation of his line), Muslim Arabs had made their way North to Syria, and had established bases on the Persian Gulf for an extended campaign against Persia.

While the military front was only slowly pushed North into Iraq, the spiritual one moved much more quickly. The Persians, even as they fought, were being converted, and the Arab conquest happened not so much by force of arms, but by an assimilation of morality. There is no date given for any victory over the Persians – instead, they simply fade into the preceding chapters of history, their authority replaced by the Muslims. It is important, even to understand such late developments as yesterday's news, to remember that the ethnic distinction remains, to a considerable extent. Additionally, the complicated evolution of Islam spawned at least two major divisions of the faith, after followers of Mohammed's son-in-law, and those of his closest deputies – the Shi'ites and the Sunni, respectively. Neither recognizes the authority of the other's institutions, in a similar manner to the divide between Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Christianity. So the region under scrutiny has now become populated by Muslims – Sunni and Shi'ite – and amongst them Arab, and non-Arab, not to mention the still finer distinction of Semitic and non-Semitic. For starters, modern Iraq counts ninety-five percent of its citizens as Muslim (a few Zoroastrians remain, among other stubborn minorities), but sixty percent of them are Shi'ite. The notorious government, however, is dominated by the Sunni, even though it spends much of its energy oppressing its religious kin, but ethnic rivals, the Kurds. The Sunnis hold on power exists for mainly historical purposes – all subsequent Islamic Empires were Sunni dominated, and the Sunnis have since enjoyed advantages in education and influence, though Iran, almost entirely Shi'ite, and Shi'ite governed, is a sizable example.

-762 C.E.: Baghdad is founded, by the caliph Abu Jafar, on the site of a church where the potente allegedly spent "the sweetest and gentlest night on earth." While a good night's sleep may seem a frivolous motivation for the establishment of a capital, let us withhold judgement. Baghdad turns out to have been ideally located, far enough upriver to be protected from marauders, but accessible to every crossing trade-route, which made it the Babylon of its age – and concurrent with the Dark Ages in Europe, the most cosmopolitan town in the world.

With the Islamic caliphate now established



The Persian god Shamash hands Hammurabi his famous code of laws.

n't yet been around for five, and has only really got going the last two – so the example of Hammurabi's city is still an unfamiliar and extraordinary standard for us. But in 1595 b.c.e., Babylon was sacked by the Hittites, who had come across from Anatolia, though they never planned on staying. They conquered the Babylonians, and disappeared from whence they came.



At this arbitrary point, deep in the history of humanity, I am forced to concede to the economical demands of this paper's editors, and hasten to summarize an impossibly complex couple of millennia. In a nutshell, full to bursting with arcana, Iraq in the centuries after the first sack of Babylon became overrun once and again by ascendant powers and newly introduced populations. I resort, with reluctance, to the timeline, in order to encapsulate the world's most central history.

-1300 B.C.E.: Babylonia is assimilated by an expansive Semitic population from the

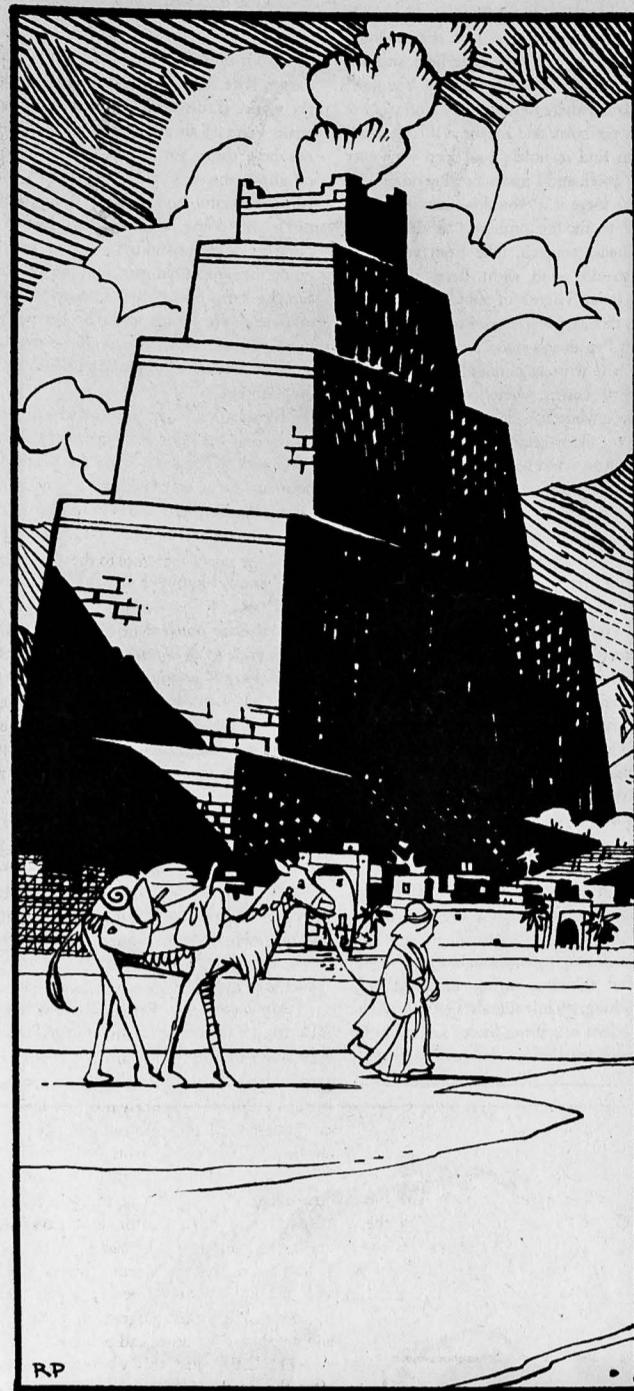


ILLUSTRATION: Roger Petersen

The Ziggurat at Ur of the Chaldees.

there (it had been in Damascus previous), a Golden Age of Islamic culture bloomed, hardly surpassed by Athens or Rome at their height. The Pericles of the Baghdad scene was the caliph Haroun al-Rashid, who reigned between 786 and 806, as part of the Abbasid dynasty, named after the uncle of Mohammed, from which the line was presumably descended. Under Haroun's watch, the storytelling tradition saw its greatest achievement realized in the Thousand Nights and One Night (in which Haroun makes more than a few appearances himself); the arts and architecture were raised to magnificent heights; astronomy and calendrics were all but mastered; and mathematics was refined with new techniques, including al-Jabra, and the use of the al-Gorizm. Though many pages could easily be inked in praise of the splendors of the Islamic prosperity of the ninth century, I must press on with mostly mute assurances, and the unsurprising news that such a halcyon era ended in decline, about 950.

-950 C.E.: A roving cavalry of Turks from Central Asia, known as Seljuks, overran Baghdad. They became mercenary kings, who maintained the caliph as a figurehead, while reaping the benefits of absolute authority themselves. However, the machinations of the Islamic schism had had a wider effect by now, and around the Islamic world, at least three separate caliphs claimed authority, with one in Tunisia, another in Anatolia, and the puppet Abassids in Baghdad. The Seljuks cemented their hegemony with the exploits of their greatest hero, Saladin, who repulsed the Crusades, and brutally. For a while, Saladin's influence – and his deliverance of Jerusalem – was enough to persuade much of Islam that the Baghdad caliph was the authentic one.

-1258 C.E.: The Mongols sweep across Asia quite literally levelling everything in their path. The splendors of Baghdad were flattened by a son of Ghengis Khan, reportedly several times, and the unofficial count states that as many as 800,000 people were killed during the sieges. The Baghdad caliphate was effectively eliminated, and for a hundred years at least, a typical Muslim was unsure to whom his soul should defer.

The Mongols made no attempt to consolidate their gains, nor to establish a government. Rather, when Ghengis – who had retired back to China – finally died, his sons were called back home to decide upon his inheritance, and once there never really got back to the business of ransacking. The vast swath of destruction across the continent was left ungoverned, and poised to reassume its pre-Mongol dithering.

-1534 C.E.: The Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent leads the Ottoman Turks into

In 1930, the English offered Iraq a nominal independence, though one underestimates the Brits if they think this was a serious humanitarian gesture. Iraq existed, but it remained little more than a staging ground for British petroleum interests, and the entirety of its credibility rested on British satisfaction with the oil output. Iraqis, meanwhile, had the momentary sense of sovereignty so crucial to quenching rebellious impulses.

Iraq, and Baghdad in particular, during this adolescent era, is an example worth studying, to keep free of any misconceptions we may harbor about the current conflicts. Baghdad itself was home to nearly a quarter-million people, and as far as it was self-governed, that governing class was a mixture of literate Sunni Muslims and the 80,000 Jews – the largest minority in Baghdad – who made up the intellectual middle class, and had done so for thousands of years, in Iraq (remember, Abraham himself was from this region). This Jewish merchant caste, supported by British-educated Muslims, governed until about 1950, when the advent of Israel drew the Jewish population out of all of its enclaves around the world. The Jewish population of Baghdad today, though it does exist, is minute, and obviously yields little influence.

In 1958, Iraqi patience with even their independent puppet regime gave out, and a military coup, under Abd al-Karim Qasim, seized power. In a familiar scenario, the new nationalist government of Iraq argued that Kuwait, its Mandate-born neighbor to the South, and an obstruction to Iraqi shoreline, was really a natural extension of Iraq, and it would be seized. Kuwait existed, the cynic will be happy to know, as a convenience to the United States, who complained when it was left out of the Anglo-French monopoly after World War I, and was obliged with a neutral emirate ideal for shipping and trade on the northern Persian Gulf coast.

The United States dispatched to Lebanon 50,000 soldiers, poised for war with Iraq. The standoff lasted a few months, before the Qasim government tempered its threats, and the British persuaded the Americans that all-out war wasn't necessary. The United States went elsewhere, hunting for Communists, the whole incident depressing for its suggestion that History really lacks any imagination at all.

About ten years prior, in Syria, a political movement was founded by a Sunni Muslim, Salah al-Din al-Bitar, and a Greek-Orthodox Christian Arab, Michel Aflaq, which favored a sort of socialist Arab nationalism. It rejected the arbitrary divisions imposed on the Arab and Muslim people by the victorious Western powers, and envisioned a broad self-sustaining secular Arab economy based on Western demand for oil. The movement became known as the Ba'ath Party, and soon had devotees in every fledgling Arab nation. Of course, the installed monarchs and military juntas that had formed since the end of the war were disinclined to the Ba'ath vision, but popular sentiment was strong, and in Iraq, the Qasim military government was overthrown in 1963 by supporters of the Ba'ath Party. Idealists might have suspected at the time that Baghdad was about to lead the way into modern prosperity in the Middle East. Most of those idealists were shortly assassinated by a young member of the party, Mr. Saddam Hussein, who had assumed most offices of Iraqi authority by the mid-1970s. During his purges of the late 1960s and 1970s, foreign powers looked on nervously, because the Ba'ath Party message had been distinctly too red for the West's taste, and the original overthrow worried those governments that Communist sympathizers had got control of the oil supply. In the first years of Mr. Hussein's career, Iraq signed pacts with the Soviet Union, and it seemed certain that American capitalism had lost another customer.

But then Mr. Hussein began to show himself less concerned with socialist pan-Arabism than with absolute power, the Western world breathed a sigh of relief – here was a fellow they could understand, and Iraq's alliance was accepted by the Western powers. And when the Western-supported Shah of Iran was overthrown by the Ayatollah Khomeini in 1979, and the Ayatollah promptly applied to the Soviet Union for assistance, it was clear which tyrant the democratic West was bound to favor: Mr. Hussein. In fact, the Ayatollah had been exiled from Iran for years previous, and Mr. Hussein, either for personal taste, or because he disliked the feel of Islamic fundamentalism, expelled Mr. Khomeini from Iraq, and made a powerful enemy. In 1980, Iran and Iraq skirmished over the sandy waterway which divided the two nations, but really two immense egos in fact triggered the ferocious war between the countries, which lasted eight years and cost millions of lives. The Ayatollah's alliance with the Soviet Union meant that the United States lent its resources to Mr. Hussein and Iraq – and whether our national memory wants to look on this as a necessary compromise or a lapse in judgement, it must not be ignored. Ten years of Mr. Hussein's reign were spent establishing himself with direct American support, and less than three years passed between the cessation of American aid, and the beginning of our own war with Iraq. (The as-yet offline nuclear reactor in northern Iraq which was destroyed by an Israeli air strike in 1981 was likely built with American advice, though such a thing won't likely be

admitted by any official with respect for his own career.)

As for Mr. Hussein's various transgressions, no sympathetic history can apologize for them. The Kurds, as the attentive might recollect, are a leftover, unaccounted-for population of Sunni Muslims come down from the multifarious Aryan tribes of the old days, who reside across a swath of land which includes Iraq, Turkey, and Iran. Like scores of their ancestors, the Kurds have been trying one revolt after another, only to be trounced repeatedly by the occupiers. When the Iran-Iraq War was exhausted, in 1988, the Kurds tried again, this time only to be met with the full force of the undiscerned Iraqi army, and were routed. This is the occasion on which Mr. Hussein tried out his newly devised chemical weaponry, on the town of Halabja, killed thousands, and ended the uprising. At the time, though the United Nations made a bit of a stink, the United States was not in the business of protecting underdogs, and let Mr. Hussein alone. Only when he became restless, and overran Kuwait, as Qasim had promised in 1958, did the U.S. take notice, and the first Persian Gulf War ensued. Mr. Hussein has been nominally contained, consequently, but Iraq is as ragged as the days after the Mongols rode through. In 1994, Mr. Hussein initiated a canal-building project in the Southern region of Iraq, meant to drain the marshlands which have been the traditional topography of the area since the Sumerians settled there. Do not expect Mr. Bush, last among the tree-huggers, to propose environmentalism as a motivation for war; but the endeavor has alarmed the ecologists nevertheless, and the fear is that the lost marshlands might be the last straw for an already beleaguered Middle-Eastern ecosystem. And this is to say nothing of the historical merits of keeping the marshes – they are the last vestiges of the landscape which inspired and nurtured human civilization, after all.

An understanding of Mr. Hussein's emergence and his original political affiliation is enough to make clear the fallacy of Mr. George Bush's assertion that he is another Islamic fundamentalist, like Mr. Osama bin Laden. In fact, Mr. Hussein is merely canny enough to see the effectiveness of fundamentalist rhetoric on his own people, and certainly knows the fear such yammering stirs in the West – think back to how alarmed you were when he proclaimed how we would all burn in the fires of hell, and be routed from the Holy Land by the warriors of Allah. Such talk simply has a lot of rhetorical zing to our ears, used to the dull platitudes of advertisers and the safe proclamations of middling politicians.

But the very last thing on Mr. Hussein's mind is the health and well-being of Allah. Mr. bin Laden considers Mr. Hussein a heathen, and no doubt Mr. Hussein considers the former something of a hick, even if he is impressed by his ruthlessness. Just as Mr. Hussein waged tireless war against the Ayatollah, no doubt he would do the same against another Islamic regime which threatened Iraq's longed-for dominance of the Middle East. The Arab nationalism of the early Ba'ath Party has been perverted, in Mr. Hussein's mind, into a sort of neo-Babylonianism, with Mr. Hussein in the role of Nebuchadnezzar. If the initial motivation had been for the good of the Arab world, Mr. Hussein, like all the best megalomaniacs, has insinuated himself into the forefront of the movement. He now holds the offices of President of the Republic, Secretary General of the Ba'ath Party Regional Command, Chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council, Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, and Prime Minister – among others. Note how the keywords of just about every political model ever devised by man appear – president, chairman, revolutionary council, secretary-general, commander. This is titular hocus-pocus of the highest order.

All of this neither forgives nor implicates Mr. Hussein in the current hullabaloo, though I think it certainly rouses sympathy for the rest of the Mesopotamians. With a wide view, though, there is little to be proud of for our own part, and a wavering patriot would be well to hope this imminent cataclysm will be the last, fastest, and best, in a long, long series of them. I suspect our own despots have the wrong reasons for their huffing, and I wonder if they have enough of a historical conscience to restrain themselves from repeating their predecessor's mistakes. Though I am loathe to resign to the garish belligerence of our executive, and though it may be a little coarse to put it so defeatedly, Iraq's foreign minister, Mr. Aziz, was probably on the mark when he brushed off the sympathies of one of our sniveling Congressmen by saying "We are damned if we do, and damned if we don't." Whatever ensues, one can only hope that it results in a quick return to a tranquility so sporadically enjoyed by the area, not only for the well-being of the residents, but so that those of us with gentler inspirations may once again venture out and visit the world, without having to feign a Canadian accent. And let it percolate across the way, beneath the scowls of our respective autocrats, that Iraq's history is no less of a distinction for the species than our own.

Henry William Brownejobs founded and edited Three Weeks, a newspaper in Queens, New York.

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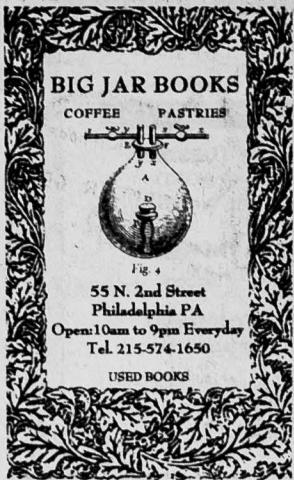
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fiction
A NOVEL TENTATIVELY ENTITLED
"TRUE JERSEY"
AN EXCERPT

BY ERIK BADER

The excerpt below involves two characters: Kyle McKnow and Mr. Smith. Kyle is a young and boisterous graduate of Princeton University, overeducated and understimulated. Mr. Smith is a retired elderly gentleman enjoying the autumn of his years quietly, living alone with his cat on the far side of the Town. The scene takes place at Mr. Smith's house.

Mr. Smith paced around the living room, his heavy boots making percussive bangs on the old floorboards. Quaffing liberally from his cup, he paced in patterns, well-worn patterns that the floor knew from many years of having Mr. Smith as a resident, patterns that made it creak and groan in familial response.

Quite suddenly, Mr. Smith ceased pacing and fixed his eyes directly on Kyle, who was still seated uncomfortably on the divan. "You know what your problem is, young man?"

"Sir?"

"You're asleep."

"..."

"You're asleep and you refuse to wake up," he said, taking two steps closer towards Kyle, now towering over him. Kyle could see his eyes, red and made large from all the drink.

"I'm sorry sir but..."

"Wake up! Wake up, and I mean wake up this instance. Life, Kyle, life! Life is out there. But not just out there. It can be, it should be...in here. Look around you. A room, but

two rooms. There's my perception of the room, and there is *your* perception of the room. Two distinct people, two distinct perceptions, and thus, two very different rooms. It's a miracle, is it not, that we two very separate and different individuals are here, in this room, with our own divided perceptions and yet sharing this space, this vision, this world? When you tell me your vision and I tell you mine, and we share them, exchange them, *that*, Kyle, is called communication. And the key, the thing not to forget, is that when we disagree on those visions, that we make sure not to hurt each other. That we do not forget love. Because in love, there can be, nay, there *need be*, disagreement. But never any hurt. When we hurt each other, that's the opposite of love. That's hate. That's war. And what is hate but one man's refusal to accept another man's vision. And what is war but that man acting upon this hate. Are you following me?"

Kyle held his tongue. His critical and overfed mind twitched at talk like this, but held back his nagging knee-jerk reflex to smartly bring up his notions of Levinas's unknowable other, Kierkegaard's night of infinite resignation, or Bergson's pure perception, and for the first instance in quite some time, he actually just sat back and listened.

"There's still room in the world for more love," Mr. Smith went on, refilling his and Kyle's cups and resuming his pacing. "I want you to believe me when I say that. *Always* more

room. Don't turn on your television and don't listen to what they say on the news, because it has nothing to do with you. Life, the real loose quick and raw of it, is here, right here, and will always be right in front of your nose. You don't have to go anywhere to find it. It found you the day you were born, and maybe it'll take death for you to find it, unless you open your eyes and get a good, and I mean a real good look at it. Because there it is. You don't have to go far and wide to fix the problems of the world. You'll exhaust yourself, take from your own powers to do good right here, this very moment, today. There's an old Christian hymnal, Kyle, that says *brighten the corner where you stand*, and I've always stood by that. All of us, everyone here with us, here in this world, have our own little corner, where we stand. And the best thing anyone can do, especially in these times, is try to make it just a little brighter. Make the little world where you live right now the best place possible it could ever be. Call everyone you know and tell them you love them, because you know that you do. They're the reason you're here, aren't they? But more. Do more. You're so young, Kyle, with much more health and strength than an old man like myself. Go out in the street and put your arms around life. Go up to the first beautiful woman you see and tell her you love her. I mean it. We don't have much time left. You're only given a certain set amount of mornings to wake up to in this life, and even less of them will have sunlight, sunlight like the light right out this here window, today. Beautiful, healthy, good sunlight. Go out into that sunlight, Kyle, go out and give love, to others, or to the Creator, if you believe in that sort of stuff. And if you don't, then do some creation yourself. Write, draw, sing, make music, and above all, make love.

"What I'm saying is, enough of this sitting around and thinking, laying about, talking. Talk is nothing, it's just sounds. Get *loose*, Kyle, you ever heard of getting *loose*? *Loose* in the streets, *loose* on rooftops, in cars, everywhere

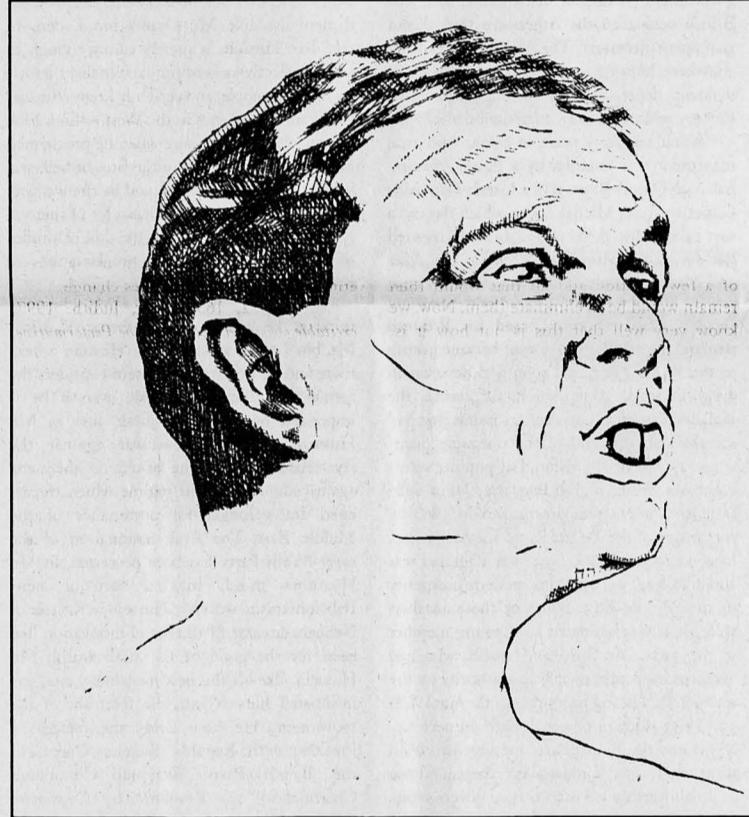
you go, make sure your heart is full of love and your limbs, your ideas are loose. Theories are tight, idle chatter is tight, mathematics are tight, but birds in the sky? Otters in a creek? Loose, Kyle. The loose and natural creatures of the world. If this world finds itself at war once again — and it's always been at war, it has — then the best thing you can do is find yourself caught in the street making love to a woman. Most beautiful and natural things they can catch you doing, y'understand? Loose, Kyle. Now get out of my house, will you? You're agitating me. I'm an old man, and the only loose I can get is this here bottle of bourbon. But you, my friend, are young, virile. So get out of my house and get out there onto those streets, and go loose. Discover life, make love, and go loose. Goodnight."

By this point Mr. Smith had backed Kyle up towards the door. Kyle nervously shook his hand and stepped out onto the bright afternoon air. As he was making his way down the gravel driveway Mr. Smith poked his head out the door and yelled "Don't forget what I said, Kyle!"

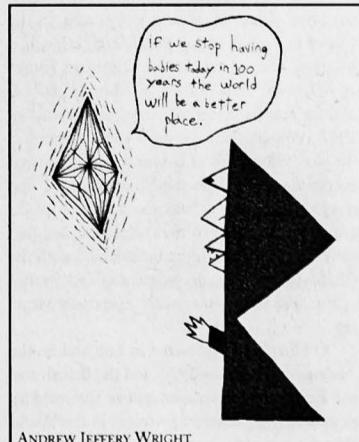
"I know, I know," Kyle said, "get loose. I'm on it!"

Erik Bader thinks water is great. Being that his body is made up of 70 percent water, and the world is made up of 70 percent water, he is dedicating 70 percent of these springtime months to the contemplation of water, be it ocean, sea, river, stream, lake, creek, pond, estuary, harbor, fjord, reservoir, glacier, canal, lagoon, ice sheet, tributary, or maybe just a cool glass of the good stuff on an especially warm and thirsty afternoon. He encourages you to send delightful accounts of your own personal experiences with H₂O (especially ones involving tubing, water-slides, or fountains) or other smile-making anecdotes to ebader@hotmail.com to be read in his comfortable non-aquatic home in East Falls. He also thinks that wars fought with waterguns would be much nicer wars indeed.

Mr. Bader's first novel, *The Pilot and the Panda*, is scheduled for release by Fort St. Davids Press in mid-Summer 2003.



"Bacon medium size" by LIZ RYWELSKI (George W. & Drag Queen Kissers)



ANDREW JEFFERY WRIGHT



JESSE GOLDSKI



ISAAC LIN

JIM COMEY

theory

THE TERM "TERRORISM"

HOW THE WORD WE USE TO DENOTE VIOLENCE
COMMITS A VIOLENCE OF ITS OWN

BY JASON SKONIECZNY

a particular category of explicit statements (for example, the imperative), but the relation of every word or every statement to implicit presuppositions...

-p.79 Deleuze, Gilles & Guatarri, Felix, 1987. *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Minneapolis, Minn.: University of Minnesota Press

In the instances of the term, *terrorism*, from the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and *Los Angeles Times* from the September 12 through 15 of 2001, there are those instances that are most clearly interpreted as referring to a political group or groups such as in:

war on international terrorism
terrorism cells
solace in the strictures of organized terrorism's clutches
the fight against terrorism and radical Islam
There are those examples most clearly referring to events or actions explicitly instantiated as occurring in time, such as:
the worst domestic terrorism—Oklahoma City
the most sensational act of airline terrorism—preempting terrorism

The bulk of instances are, of course, ambiguous as to this opposition:

ending states that sponsor terrorism
One of those threats is terrorism.

The largest terrorism plot concerning aviation

In the bulk of the instances of the term from the days following September 11, 2001 there are no contextual cues that explicitly signal *terrorism* as either an event or a political agent. In these instances, the nominal might be considered as referring to both the event and the agents responsible for this and other such events at the same time.

Language use and lexical choice direct attention to certain facets of an issue discussed and away from other facets of an issue and recommend to the particular reader or listener that he or she accept certain assumptions and presuppositions. At the same time lexical choice indicates the attention, interests, and presuppositions of speakers, writers, editors, etc. etc. ...

The application of *terrorism* in reference to the events and to the agents behind the events of September 11 recommended to the readership—we might even say, addressed the readership in the imperative, issued a command, an order to the readership—of the *Times* and *Post*. This command was that the connection between act and agent, and this connection's validity, as proposed by these newspapers and prior to that by the American executive remain assumed and presupposed as correct. The command was that this connection was not to be critically evaluated...

Terrorism's double (or multiple) referring and the high frequency of *terrorism* in the American press—which has by far surpassed the term's frequency of use in the aftermath any other “terrorist” event of the last thirty years—structured the public's way of thinking about and the public's reaction to the events of September 11, 2001 and continues to indicate a certain attitude and state of attention in the media and its public. This way of thinking, attitude, and state of attention—or inattention—was a precondition for the possibility of the American executive actions justified as the response to the events of September 11.

Reflected in the lexical structure of the term *terrorism* is the circumvention of the need for publication of extensive reports or detailed investigations regarding the means and processes of ascertaining the responsibility for the events of September 11, 2001. The term's structure both helped to assure and still constitutes the public's acceptance of and inattention to the American executive measures in the aftermath of September 11.

By structuring post-September 11 discourse in the aforementioned way, the term *terrorism*, and its hyper-application in the media, permitted and recommended that the attribution of responsibility, by the press and beyond that by the American executive, for the events of September 11, 2001 remain presupposed, merely assumed, unevaluated, and uninterrogated. At the same time, the high frequency of the term in discourse on September 11, remains an outstanding indicator of the media's and the public's seemingly univocal acceptance of the recommendation, the command, the order implied in the term.

-Poe, Edgar Allen. *The Purloined Letter*

“TERRORISM” AS ORDER-WORD

STATE LANGUAGE AND VIOLENCE

language is the transmission of the word as order-word, not the communication of a sign as information. We call order-words, not

Toni Morrison claims that “oppressive language... is violence,” not merely a representation of it. Oppressive language is not a substitute for the experience of violence. It enacts its own kind of violence.

-p. 9 Butler, Judith. 1997. *excitable speech: A Politics of the Performative*. New York: Routledge.

When the enemy serves as the ‘quilting point’ (the Lacanian *point de capiton*) of our ideological space, it is in order to unify the multitude of actual political opponents with whom we interact in our struggles. Thus Stalinism in the 1930s constructed the agency of Imperialist Monopoly Capital to prove that Fascists and Social Democrats ('Social Fascists') are 'twin brothers', the 'left and right hand of monopoly capital'. Thus Nazism itself constructed the 'plutocratic-Bolshevik plot' as the common agent who threatens the welfare of the German nation. *Capitonnage* is this operation by means of which we identify / construct one sole agency which effectively 'pulls the strings' behind the multitude of actual opponents. And does not exactly the same hold for today's war on terrorism? Is not the figure of the terrorist Enemy also a condensation of two opposed figures, the reactionary 'fundamentalist' and the Leftist protestor? The title of Bruce Barcott's article in the *New York Times Magazine* on Sunday, April 7, 2002—“The Color of Domestic Terrorism is Green”—says it all: not the Rightist fundamentalists responsible for the Oklahoma bombing and, in all probability, for the anthrax scare, but the Greens who did not kill any human being.

The truly ominous feature which underlies all these phenomena is this metaphorical universalization of the signifier 'terror': the message of the American TV campaign against drugs in spring 2002 was: 'When you buy drugs, you provide money for the terrorists!'—“terror” is thus gradually elevated into the hidden universal equivalent of all social evils.

-p.111 Zizek, Slavoj. 2002. *Welcome to the Desert of the Real: Five Essays on September 11 and Related Dates*. London: Verso.

“TERRORISM” AND GLOBAL POWER

At a pinch, we can say that they *did it*, but we *wished for it*. If this is not taken into account, the event loses any symbolic dimension. It becomes a pure accident, a purely arbitrary act, the murderous phantasmagoria of a few fanatics, and all that would then remain would be to eliminate them. Now, we know very well that this is not how it is. Which explains all the counterphobic ravings about excising evil: it is because it is there, everywhere, like an obscure object of desire. Without this deep-seated complicity, the event would not have had the resonance it has, and in their symbolic strategy the terrorists doubtless know that they can count on this unavoidable complicity...

The repression of terrorism spirals around as unpredictably as the terrorist act itself. No one knows where it will stop, or what turnabouts there may yet be. There is no possible distinction, at the level of images and information, between the spectacular and the symbolic, no possible distinction between the 'crime' and the crackdown. And it is this uncontrollable unleashing of reversibility that is terrorism's true victory. A victory that is visible in the subterranean ramifications and infiltrations of the event—not just in the direct economic, political, financial slump in the whole of the system—and the resulting moral and psychological downturn—but in the slump in the value system, in the whole ideology of freedom, of free circulation, and so on, on which the Western world prided itself, and on which it drew to exert its hold over the rest of the world.

-pp.5,31-2 Baudrillard, Jean. 2001. *The Spirit of Terrorism and Requiem for the Twin Towers*. London: Verso.

The difference between the U.S. and the

classic empires of the past is that, although each historical empire has asserted its determination not to repeat the overreaching ambitions of predecessors, this latest empire astonishingly affirms its sacrosanct altruism and well-meaning innocence. This alarming delusion of virtue is endorsed, even more alarmingly, by formerly leftwing or liberal intellectuals, who in the past opposed U.S. wars abroad but who are now prepared to make the case for virtuous empire (the image of the lonely sentry is favoured), using styles from tub-thumping patriotism to cynicism.

The events of 11 September do play a role in this volte face. But it is surprising that the horrible Twin Towers-Pentagon attacks are treated as if they had come from nowhere, rather than from a world across the seas driven crazy by U.S. intervention and presence. This is not to condone Islamic terrorism, which is hateful in every way. But in all the pious analyses of U.S. responses to Afghanistan, and now Iraq, history and a sense of proportion have disappeared.

-Said, Edward W. *Global Crisis* www.zmag.org March 18, 2003

AMERICAN POWER AND GLOBAL THREAT

Remember the people now running the show in Washington are mostly recycled Reaganites, essentially reliving the script of the 1980s—that's an apt analogy. And in the 1980s they were imposing domestic programmes which were quite harmful to the general population and which were unpopular. People opposed most of their domestic programmes. And the way they succeeded in ramming it through was by repeatedly keeping the population in a state of panic.

-Chomsky, Noam. In *The Guardian* February 4, 2003. From http://www.zmag.org

The threat states the impending certitude of another forthcoming act, but the statement itself cannot produce that forthcoming act as one of its necessary effects. This failure to deliver on the threat does not call into question the status of the speech act as a threat—it merely questions its efficacy. The self-conceit that empowers the threat, however, is that the speech act that is the threat will fully materialize that act threatened by speech. Such speech is, however, vulnerable to failure, and it is that vulnerability that must be exploited to counter the threat... Insurrectionary speech becomes the necessary response to injurious language, a risk taken in response to being put at risk, a repetition in language that forces change.

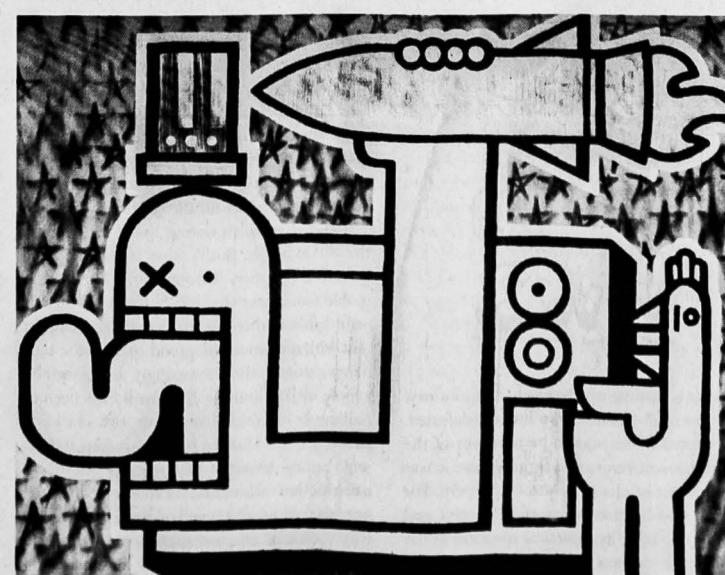
-pp.12, 163 Butler, Judith. 1997. *excitable speech: A Politics of the Performative*. New York: Routledge.

REPETITION

“My fellow citizens... We have... hundreds of weapons... The... regime... has used diplomacy as a ploy to gain time and advantage. It has uniformly defied Security Council... threatened Iraqi officials... we are not... peaceful men... this... regime continues to possess and conceal some of the most lethal weapons ever devised. This regime has already used weapons of mass destruction against... people. The regime has a history of reckless aggression in the Middle East... and it has aided, trained and harbored terrorists... journalists... I have a message... lawless men... will deliver... aggression... poison... torture... rape... The United States with other countries will work to advance liberty... and violence... and turn the creative gifts of men and women... violent... as we have done before... Good night and may God continue to bless America.”

-Text excerpted from March 17 speech by President George W. Bush, giving Saddam Hussein a 48-hour ultimatum.

Jason Mark Skonieczny is an artist living in Philadelphia. His works in Macromedia Flash can be viewed online at www.projectsarcade.com.



RICH MENET



WHAT'S THE OPPOSITE OF VIDEO GAMES, SUVs,
DICK CHENEY, THE PARKING AUTHORITY
AND GLOBAL WARMING?



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wise known as "whiteys" in the parlance of a Japanese friend of mine — are among the hundreds of environmental lobbyists, indigenous peoples' representatives and other water activists who have booths or press conferences or papers to hand out at the forum. I've seen them in the lobby of my hotel, taking up too many of the restaurant's tables, munching corn flakes and talking about Bay Area real estate prices. Their hearts are in the right place — or near there, at any rate.

But on the subway, I notice something odd. All four of these staunch advocates of the thirsty guy are gripping America-sized paper-to-go cups from which the aroma of fine espresso wafts.

And yes, the cups are from Starbucks.

The sight of four foot-stampers sucking on Starbucks cups is an enjoyable irony, but it's somehow less delicious on this particular morning in Japan. After all, this is a country America bombed the shit out of half a century ago. It was here that we unleashed the first weapons of mass destruction the world had ever seen. No quick exit that time: we stayed to write a new constitution, gave the Japanese a crash course in representative democracy and market capitalism, and all but denied the country its right to bear arms. It's not so much that we were afraid of what would happen if we didn't refashion Japan in our own image. It's just that, as a people, we tend to be small-minded. We don't know how to rebuild a country any other way.

But the small-mindedness seems to work for us. On the subway I enjoy my laugh at the activists' expense and then turn to the day-old newspaper I haven't had time to read. There I see that despite the fact that more than three-quarters of the country opposes "the disarmament of Iraq," as GWB so delicately described it that morning, Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi has trotted out his movie-star good looks to sign on for Bush's war just hours before the first cruise missiles took off. It "wouldn't be prudent," as Papa Bush might have said, to do anything else, what with North Korea warming up its nukes nearby and Japan's best defense being the 60,000 US troops that are stationed

here. No one forced Koizumi to come on board. But somewhere along the line, America made his country an offer he couldn't refuse.

In effect, the nationbuilding America did after World War Two made us into a kind of realpolitik Godfather, selling protection around the world for the same things Vito Corleone wanted: a measure of docility and a little tribute — only in our case tribute takes the form of a Starbucks-friendly economic system and a little lobbying of intransigent Security Council members.

It doesn't always work, of course (viz., Germany, which is bucking the system by denying us its UN sway). But it's a nice little trick America has for turning enemies into friends. If you do the reconstruction right, even a country you've atom-bombed can become a comfortable place to eat corn flakes and complain about the gentrification of your neighborhood back home.

And that's when it hits me, staring at the cappuccinos, laughing silently to myself at the folly of these smug, cause-proud Americans who can't be bothered to sample even as much of the culture as it would take to eat a Japanese breakfast: this is what we're doing in Iraq. It isn't

about oil or religion or terrorism or policing the world or striking back. Yes, tangentially it's about all those things. But politicians, and especially presidents — even ones like Dubya, who only holds the job as a stepping stone to becoming baseball commissioner — presidents think in longer terms than that. They're like novelists: they work because they want to be remembered.

wardly religious character shambled into the Oval Office, and with the reign of the crusading Mr. Reagan that the American people came to expect a blessing at the end of every speech.

But it has become popular in late years for

skeptics to argue that God has *always* had a place in American government; such contentions are as historically grounded as the space-alien conspiracies of the Western desert — certainly, Yahweh has made a few appearances in the political oratory, and he doesn't lack for references in the American apocrypha, but nobody has ever discovered an explicit endorsement of Christianity as the official religion of the State, nor have they found a Martian vessel in the Mojave. Held to task for the beginning of state-sponsored 'faith-based' social programs, the recently devout Mr. Bush refers all dissidents to the alleged godliness of the American Founders. The Founders themselves — at least according to the plurality of historians and their own yellowed diaries — were in fact something Mr. Bush would shudder to encounter: *deists*. This was the unofficial church of the Enlightenment, a doctrine that never explicitly discarded the old notion of an omnipotent deity, but forged enough intellectual wiggle-room to allow for the development of Enlightenment: Inquiry, science, and the establishment of secular government. The conceit of deism was that there was a common morality to every religion, and that this suggested a framework for the laws of man — but such laws were necessary precisely because of the apparent absence of a meddling god. To the deists, including Washington, Jefferson, and the majority of the Constitutional Convention, god was the Prime Mover, the instigator of the universe, but afterwards the affairs of men were their own problem. This is quite contrary to Mr. Bush's useless dogma: "Events aren't moved by blind chance and chance," but by a "just and faithful God." When Benjamin Franklin suggested that the delegates at the Constitutional Convention try prayer to get

forms — there are political, religious, plainly ideological types — but each is characterized by an identical impulse to action: his own surety, coupled with a disproportionate capacity for incursion. It is a mere ideologue who stands convinced of his own correctness; the zealot betters that by exercising his conviction against everyone else's. Yet this essay does not have the pulp or the patience to list every type, let alone give adequate description of each. And so I shall focus on that sort of zealotry that seems both the most appropriate to our day, and is, incidentally, the most egregious, because it tampers with the most profound senses of the human animal, where reason and moderation have such lubricious footholds: that is, religious zealotry.



And here I shall take for my example not the contemporary simplicist's paradigm of fanaticism — that handful of Islamic extremists lately so prevalent in the news — but instead our nation's own executive, Mr. Bush, whose zealotry is the more despicable because it is wielded in the name of reason, ostensibly for the sake of the Enlightenment's beleaguered utopia, the United States.

To the youthful observer, and the exhausted and disheartened secularist, it may seem that the American presidency has been held by prayerful evangelicals as long as history can recall, but I must reveal to the readers, both rational and faithful, that this is a relatively new phenomenon. It was only with the 1976 election of Jimmy Carter, in fact, that an out-

How much do you know about James Monroe's presidency? Not much, probably, but you've heard of the Monroe Doctrine, which first set up America as a policeman outside its own borders. More to the point, though it wasn't dreamt up by a president, same goes for the Marshall Plan. You think George Marshall cares that no one knows his first name? No way. There are three secrets to a successful political career: legacy, legacy and legacy.

George W. Bush's legacy will be made not in this war but in the post-war rethink in which Bush and his friends and business associates sit down to refashion Iraq. It won't be an easy job, but if he gets his reconstruction right, Bush's

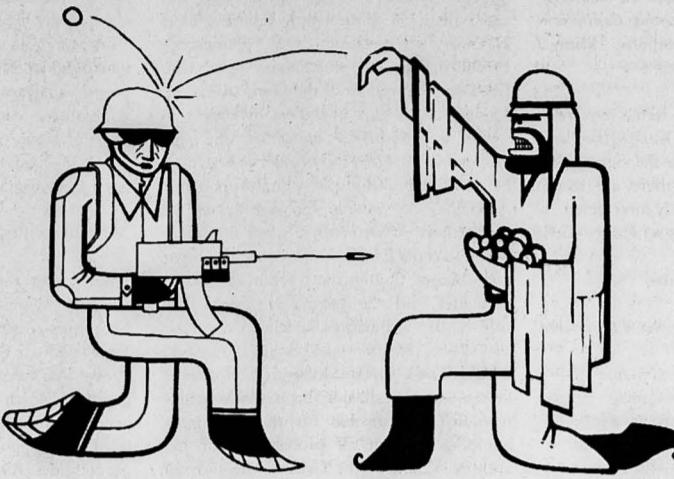
the Middle East is one of the few regions without a comfortable country where Americans can drift about blithely spending their money on American companies, free of any more fear of crime, suicide bombers or terrorist assault than they're wracked with back home. It might take a couple of decades to bring about, but you know the president who sets the change in motion is going to be long remembered for his good works. Plus, maybe then we could even jettison Israel, where our tactics haven't worked out so well, you'll have to admit.

Understand that I'm not talking client-states. We don't want to force anyone's allegiance; we just want to make it really, really hard for them to do anything else. It's moral suasion through infrastructure. We want to make Westernization into the path of least resistance. We want to give visiting protestors easy access to Starbucks. You think real estate prices in Oakland are bad? Wait 'til we gentrify your country.

If you think that's not what we're up to, look again at the news. Yes, we're going to occupy the place and install a democratic government, but that's just Standard Operating Procedure. Most countries eventually find their way to some form of democracy anyway. Far more interesting than the political edicts, though, will be the redevelopment contracts, which will go to big American businesses like Bechtel and any company Dick Cheney's ever had anything to do with. Not even Tony Blair gets a piece of the action. We're going to do things right.

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Of course, we've first got to win the war. It could all be over by the time you read this.



JAYSON SCOTT MUSSON

legacy will be an American pied-a-terre in the Middle East — which would constitute nothing less than a huge, historic victory for the loosely connected shadow empire we maintain all over the world. We can drink the sweet aroma of Japan's cherry blossoms, we can quaff German beer, sip Italian espresso. We can move anywhere we want in the developed world. But

But come the mid-twentieth century, the rigid enforcement of atheism in the Communist blocs during the Cold War inspired a knee-jerk contrarianism in American government — everything the



Russians did, it became American policy to do the opposite. Thus, if they shunned god, then we shall embrace the old coot; regardless of the founding principles. This is how god made his way into the Pledge of Allegiance (during the fifties), and how, by 1980, religiosity had gone from being a liability in a secular government (Woodrow Wilson, the nation's most religious executive until Mr. Carter, was soundly chastised for letting his religious idealism cloud the practical matters of waging war and enforcing peace), to an acceptable political stance. Mr. Reagan performed his role as the devout clergy-cowboy of capitalist democracy so convincingly that by the end of the decade, most Americans would never believe that a non-observer, let alone an atheist, had even or would ever again hold office.

And we have achieved a new degree of fervency with the ascendance of Mr. Bush, whose Christianity is not even as old as his familial grudge against Saddam Hussein. The adage about the ferocity of converts is apt: Mr. Bush seems intent on packing fifty years of blind faith into four years in office, and the sheer momentum of all that concentrated sanctity has turned him into nothing less than a dogmatic zealot, with an entourage barely canny enough to temper his public displays of piety, lest it get too sweet for the electorate.

And it is worth noting that Mr. Hussein, the villain in Mr. Bush's fable, is playing a role quite the opposite. Anyone with a library card is able to discover that Mr. Hussein, of the colorful biblical rhetoric, is in truth a secularist that Voltaire would be proud of. But the tendency among the increasingly impoverished people of Iraq and the Arab world has been to rediscover devotion, and ever the crackling politician, Mr. Hussein has adjusted his style to seem more devout — he has even begun the construction of hundreds of mosques throughout Iraq, all of which will carry his name, as a wily means of entrenching his worldly power in the otherworldly faith of his constituents.

The wide public perception in this country of Mr. Hussein as a raving Islamic fanatic bent

"Shock and awe" may just carry the day. Then again, Baghdad could become Stalingrad. For the Iraqis' sake, we need a quick victory. Better to go in as a compassionate conqueror than as a bitter little general resentful at having had his fingers burned.

Saddam is not Stalin; he is not Hirohito; and he is not Hitler (though this is one of the few places that last comparison can even be made). He is crazy and evil and continues to do horrible things and he needs to be stopped, and for a variety of reasons war may be the best course of action right now, I don't know. Bush may not be the best president for the job, but he's the one we've got. If you don't like it, vote more often in the next election.

Actually, Bush is an ass. No argument there. But I always thought he and his cronies were not quite the swiftest scuds in the silo. I thought they just wanted contracts for their friends, oil for their country, vengeance for their wounded pride. It took the Japanese subway to convince me otherwise. You've at least got to admire the guy for the range of his vision.

It really is a brilliant vision that Bush and his handmaids have of the world. What a great thing, if decades from now Baghdad could become the next Kyoto or Berlin and we could one day hold a big international conference there — on, say, water — and politicians could do a little sightseeing in between their pointless chin-wags and people could fly in from all over the world to protest the involvement of big business in social works while sipping from big business's to-go cup.

It's a totally brilliant plan, and you have to admire the people who came up with it. Not Bush and Cheney and the smoldering Condoleezza Rice, but you and me, very gradually, over the course of the last two and a quarter centuries. If you don't agree, I'd be happy to discuss it with you over a cappuccino at Starbucks. Anywhere in the world. ~

Mark Wallace is a freelance writer based in New York City. His work has appeared in The New York Times Magazine, The New Yorker, and the weekend Financial Times.

on the establishment of a new empire under Allah is the result of the Bush administration's own devotional propaganda. In reality, Mr. Hussein is a materialist dictator, surely no democrat, but a man infinitely more interested in surviving a long time in comfort and power than counting on the unlikely pleasures of the afterlife. To the contrary, Mr. Bush has proven himself a religious zealot of the first order, whose own moral certainty has precedence over the objections of two-thirds of the world's living, non-ethereal population. And if the wavering reader is uncomfortable with this insistence that Mr. Bush's zealotry is particularly a *religious* one, and not a purely despotic sort, look only to the president's own admission: regarding waging war in the Middle East, he states that God's "call of history has come to the right country." It was God, after all, that told him to run for the presidency in the first place. If he is merely hearing voices, that is a matter for the White House psychologists; but the voices he hears claim substantial authority in the universe, and they have explicitly ordered him to invade the sovereign nations of Arabia, and they are voices louder in his ear than four billion human ones. All of the Bush administration's worldly compulsions toward belligerence in the Middle East are afterthoughts to the missionary zeal of their chief — if it is otherwise, it remains for them to produce evidence of it better than accusation and hypothesis. It is a decidedly medieval stance, in a world long refurbished by empiricism.



It might be argued that any *action* compelled by religion is zealotry; religion only informs us well when it informs us to be passive. Regardless of the name of the sect or the shape of the god, religion's proper use is as a reminder to turn the other cheek, to tolerate, to compromise, and to accept what is not within our power or right to change. The better aspect of



every human faith has always been an insistence on non-aggressiveness.

The zealot, meanwhile, forges his belief into a bludgeon. Aggression, conversion, crusade, and the infliction of principles all characterize the most loathsome application of religion. While Mr. Bush is urged from all sides not to betray his compulsions, they are clear in his dictio: more than once he has described his belligerence as a crusade, and countless times he has framed his position with the idi-

That the vilified Republic of Iraq is today a more secular state than the District of Columbia should appall not only the doves on the steps of every City Hall, but the foamy patriots in suits and uniforms throughout the bureaucracy; both the sensible clergy and the insensate laymen. Both our nations are in the grip of autocracy (the Patriot Act leaves even your gentle essayist now subject to surveillance, and arrest without charge); the only hope for our own is that the will of an informed populace is not too badly broken next November, and someone ever-so-slightly more Jeffersonian might steer us off the missionary course, and deliver to the god-blind American electorate a history lesson about our own worldly, be-wigged prime movers — who feared god less than they feared zealotry on Earth, and the degradation by despots of humane self-government. ~

Henry William Brownjohns founded and edited *Three Weeks*, a newspaper in Queens, New York. He will soon be departing to unknown locales.



from PROTEST, page 1

ple, not to the United States." Jesse added, "I feel like we've really been lied to drum up support for the war."

I observed only one counter-protester throughout the march, a heckler who yelled at the crowd and said they had forgotten about the events September 11, 2001. He briefly walked alongside the crowd as they approached City Hall, and left.

The protesters ranged from high school students to senior citizens. The middle-aged protesters repeatedly referenced the Vietnam War as an influence on their opposition to this war. Karen Shatarski, a soft-spoken 55 year-old from Bridgetown, said:

"I am here because I don't feel that this is a war, I feel that it is a one-sided aggression. I sometimes thought that I should have protested during Vietnam, but I wasn't in a situation where I could. This time, there is no question for me about whether this is right or wrong. It's just so absolutely horrible."

Jack Powell: "I'm from New York originally, I live down here now, my father was a New York fireman for 25 years, my cousin, Ryan Cohart, was in the towers and I've been against the government hijacking our grief for their war agenda. I was against it from the get go, and I think they've created a war from thin air. [The Iraqi people] have a right to self determine, they have a right to rise up, we don't have a right to go in there and control their fate or their destiny."

Rosemary, who declined to give her last name, 59: "I'm here because my family and I have paid the price for the Vietnam War. My brother went to war at the age of 17. He volunteered because he was very patriotic. So he went, and at the age of 23 he came back. His hair was the color of mine, totally white. He came back an alcoholic, he came back angry with himself."

"I would not allow someone to invade us because they don't like what's going on in our country. That is our responsibility, to fix what we have."

"I haven't been sleeping well or feeling well



PHOTOGRAPHS: MIKE ROSENBERG

Police arrest a protester near City Hall on March 18. There were no reports of arrests during the march on the afternoon of March 20, although 107 demonstrators were reported arrested that morning for blocking the entrance to the federal building at Sixth and Market streets.

WAR STALLS ORTIZ RESOLUTION AGAINST PATRIOT ACT

BY BRENDAN SKWIRE

PHILADELPHIA—As masses of protesters gathered inside and outside of City Hall on March 20 to demonstrate against the war on Iraq, at-large City Councilman Angel Ortiz withdrew a proposed resolution asking the city's municipal employees to consider Philadelphians' constitutional rights before enforcing the Patriot Act. The Patriot Act greatly expands the federal governments powers to conduct searches, wiretaps, interrogations, and detain U.S. citizens without giving a public cause. Ortiz faced opposition from fellow council members such as Brian O'Neill, who has argued that limiting civil rights may be justified in a time of war.

A senior official at City Hall said Ortiz would likely introduce the bill again after the political climate made passage more likely.

Council chambers were packed with protesters and observers who braved long lines, metal detectors, and personal searches to attend the meeting. Only hours earlier, 107 protesters had been arrested for blocking the entrances to the federal building at 6th and Market streets. At the end of council chambers sat four young people holding a banner reading "Defend the Constitution. Protect Our Rights."

because I live with this outrage that I have to do something. So this is my small contribution."

By 5:55 p.m. the march had reached City Hall, circled it and began the return trip back to Sixth Street. At City Hall the march gained about seventy more people. Police lined the south side of Market Street. They diffused tensions by joking with the crowd and helping to direct traffic.

Said one Lieutenant Dave, who declined to give his last name: "I've worked a lot of protests, and I will not interfere with the First Amendment. I have sworn to uphold the Constitution, all of it, not just the parts I don't like or the parts I do like. You have your opinion, I have my opinion. It's a wonderful thing to live in a democracy!"

My favorite public reaction to the protests came the next day, on March 21. I was sitting at the Clothespin at Market and JFK waiting for a friend and watching another protest across the street in front of City Hall. At 3:55, there were at least a hundred police officers stationed in JFK Plaza, and only fifty protesters.

On my left was a scruffy looking 30 year-old roofer in a bright blue vest, on my right was a young man asking me for my phone number. I was trying to count the cops occupying the opposite corner when I spied a coworker from my days as a high-rise window washer. "Hey, Tim!" I called out, "what do you think about all this?" I motioned towards City Hall. Tim turned his head to look at the growing crowd. "Fuck all this. I got my own problems." He looked right at me and smiled. "I'm not a big fan of the federal government anyway, so they're not going to do what I want regardless." I looked at his grin and remembered listening to him describe his hopes for the future: total destruction of the nation's infrastructure, something like the end of *Fight Club*. At that moment the man in the blue vest agreed, "I think a lot of people feel that way." They looked at each other and nodded; and then Tim said goodbye.

Sonja Trauss hopes her mom is proud to see her name in small caps. She lives in Philadelphia.

New York City — A police van stationed on Washington Square on March 22 delivered a recorded message from the loudspeaker mounted on its roof: "You have reached the end of the march. The march is now over. Please leave the area in an orderly fashion, so that your fellow marchers may end their march as well." The procession, which had begun earlier at 42nd Street, had now achieved critical mass. It was impossible to count all the heads present at the march sponsored by United for Peace and Justice, a national antiwar organization, but those assembled here had taken over the entire square: The park, the sidewalk, and the streets. Protesters continued to pile onto the block, and were stopped on MacDougal Street by a garrison of police officers. The police held the line, although people tried to push through. The mood was tense, energized, and confrontational. They were chanting: "This is what democracy looks like!" "Let us through!" "NYPD we know you, we remember Amadou," and, at the first thrust by the police, "SHAME! SHAME! SHAME!"

The police began an aggressive push north up MacDougal, forming clusters in the street, forcing protesters onto the sidewalks. Suddenly, there was a push from the cops on the curbs into the crowd lining the park. Then, "Let him through, let him through!" A kid shrieking and holding his eyes fell through the crowd as his friends poured water in his eyes. There was some kind of film all over his cheeks, and his eyes teared up. Two or three people flushed his eyes from their water bottles, as another held his eyes open. [See photo at right.] He stood up and smiled broadly. "Dude, are you OK?" I asked him, and he said, "Yup, holy shit!" before running into the crowd, whooping. A kid no older than 16 was thrown to the ground by plainclothesmen, and hauled off, with another half dozen arrested for civil disobedience. People were getting angry, and the threat of a riot loomed. "41 SHOTS 41 SHOTS 41 SHOTS," and then, ominously, "FUCK THE PIGS FUCK THE PIGS." A water bottle flew into the confrontation between police and protesters on the street.

Cameras flashed as men and women of all ages were led away by the police. "SHAME SHAME SHAME!" The noise was overwhelming, like thunder reverberating off the stone faces of the brownstones. The police were slowly but surely taking over the street, forcing everyone onto the sidewalk and into the park, but we had them outnumbered and surrounded on all sides.

"Attention Police!" someone deadpanned into a bullhorn. "You are surrounded...with love. Lay down your weapons and prepare to be hugged!" More cops responded by flooding MacDougal.

On the north side of the park, the action was getting heavy. "They're bringing in mounted police from the south, I can see 'em coming!" In front of the advancing police was

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

WHERE BROTHERLY LOVE DOES NOT ALWAYS PREVAIL
BETWEEN PROTESTORS & POLICE

BY BRENDAN SKWIRE



PHOTOGRAPHS: BRENDAN SKWIRE

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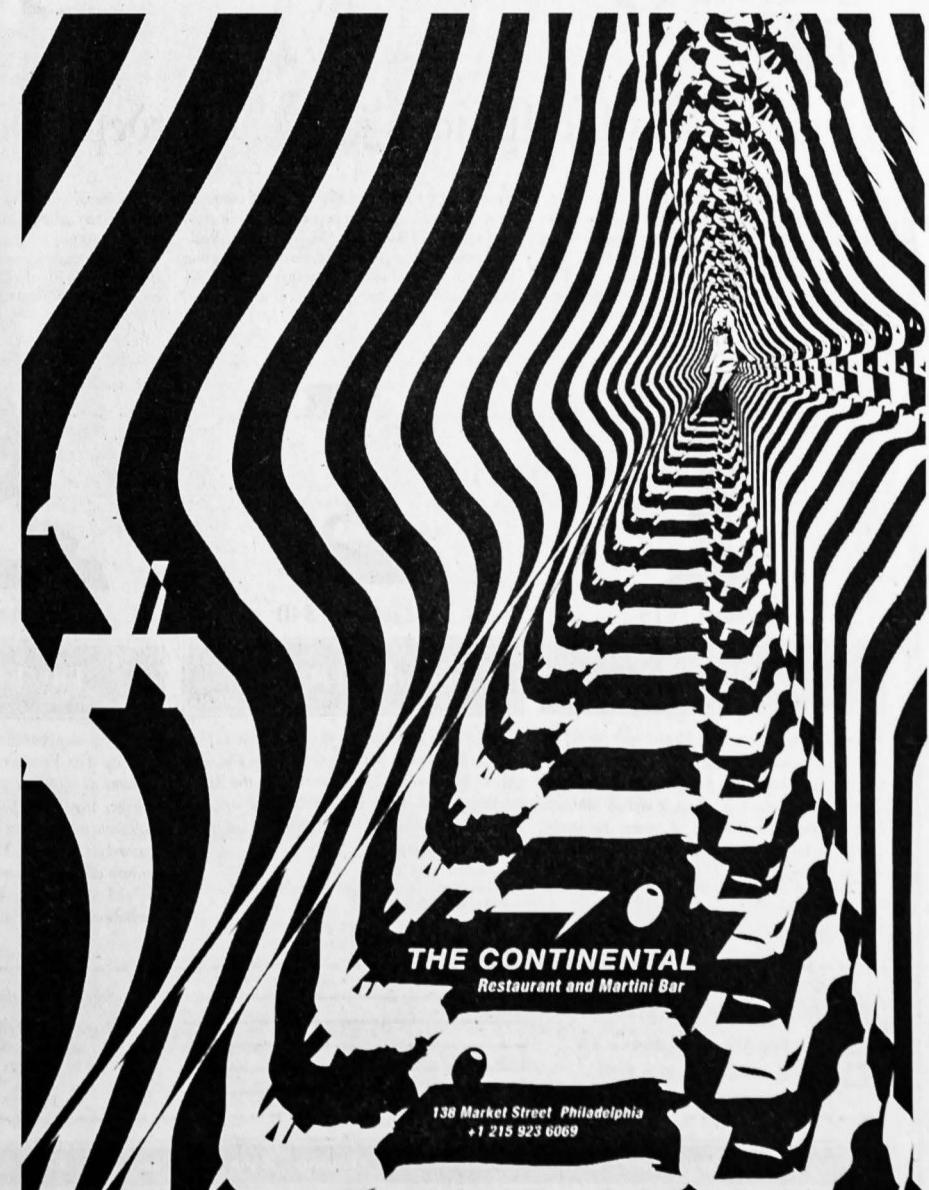
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someone claiming to be a parade organizer with a bullhorn. "We have had a great march! One million of you have come! We have showed them what we are made of, but now it is time to leave! Please go before we are arrested." Someone ran out from the crowd and confronted him. "Who the hell do you think you are? Stop telling people to leave, these people want to be arrested to make their point! Stop discouraging them!" The cops advanced quickly, and I found myself face to face with a line of police in riot gear. Some were angry, scary burly caveman types, while others took a more easygoing approach, talking with the protesters. One Officer Coppola gamely allowed himself to be berated by a protester before offering this defense in good-humored Brooklynese: "You know, this is taking away necessary resources. What if an old lady has a heart attack or something? You people oughta think about that. I mean, it doesn't matter if I have a heart attack, I know all you will give me CPR, right?"

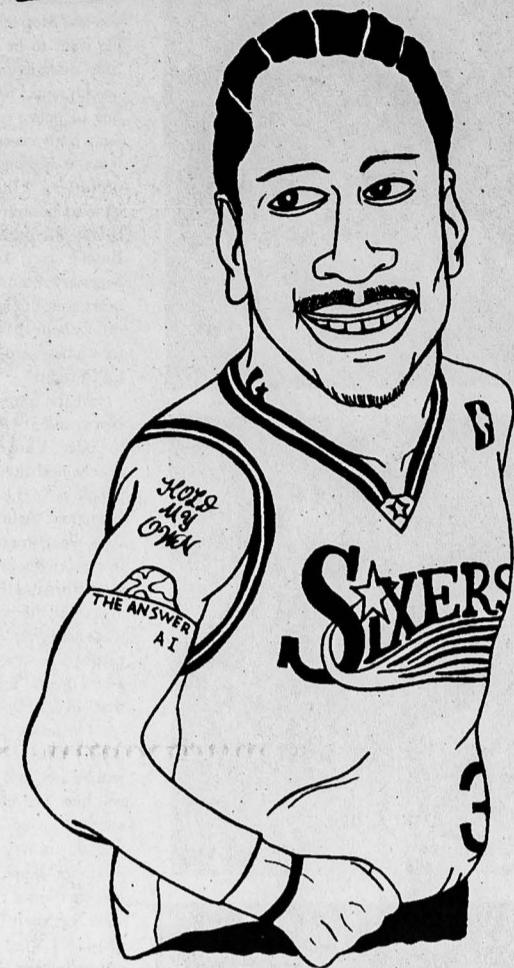
At the intersection of Washington Square North and 5th Avenue, the marchers stood off to police. A huge crowd gathered around them, and behind the lines of police and marchers, people sat in the middle of the street. The main attraction: "A little old lady is holding off the cops, you gotta see this!" There she was, a tiny woman with white hair that matched her sweatshirt and thick glasses, shaking her finger angrily at the police. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but it was clear that the police were getting a good scolding. The protesters took up a new chant: "Leave that old lady alone! Leave that old lady alone!"

The loudspeaker van pulled up behind the police. "The march is over. Leave now or you will be arrested. You may gather in the park if you like. The march is over..." From the east, another group of police on horseback was making its way up the street. Behind me, a group of hippies was dancing and singing, playing drums, buckets, and anything else they could get their hands on, chanting peace slogans. A cop pushed us backwards into the crowd, but we were packed so tightly together that no one could move. That's when I noticed that all egress paths were blocked by a wall of blue. "They did this in Seattle, they corralled everyone and told the protesters to leave, but packed them so tight that no one could escape and everyone was arrested."

The crowd grew. The police closed in. The recording on the speaker truck changed: "The rally is over. Leave now or you WILL be arrested." A line of police followed a paddy wagon, wielding zip-strips and batons. Then it was over. As the two groups of police met, we were herded out of the Square, choking the streets. At the first intersection, police on mopeds blocked all but one sidewalk. Someone began singing "Send In the Clowns" as the cops buzzed up the street.

Brendan Skwire is a writer living in West Philadelphia.

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